MAYFAIR

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PAUL RAYMOND
VOLUME 27
NUMBER 5
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VIRGIN BRIDE SHOWS OFF *ALL* HER ASSETS

RICHARD BRANSON'S WIFE NUDE!

SEVEN UP!

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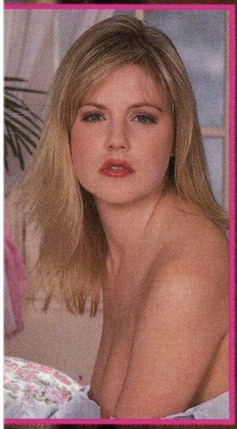
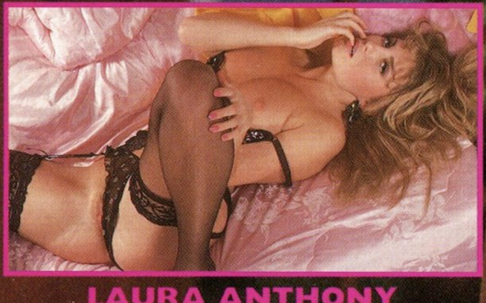


SARAH

SUZANNE



LAURA ANTHONY

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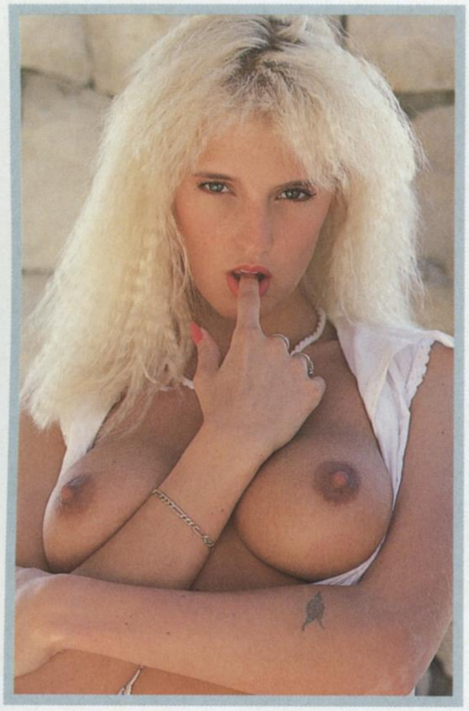
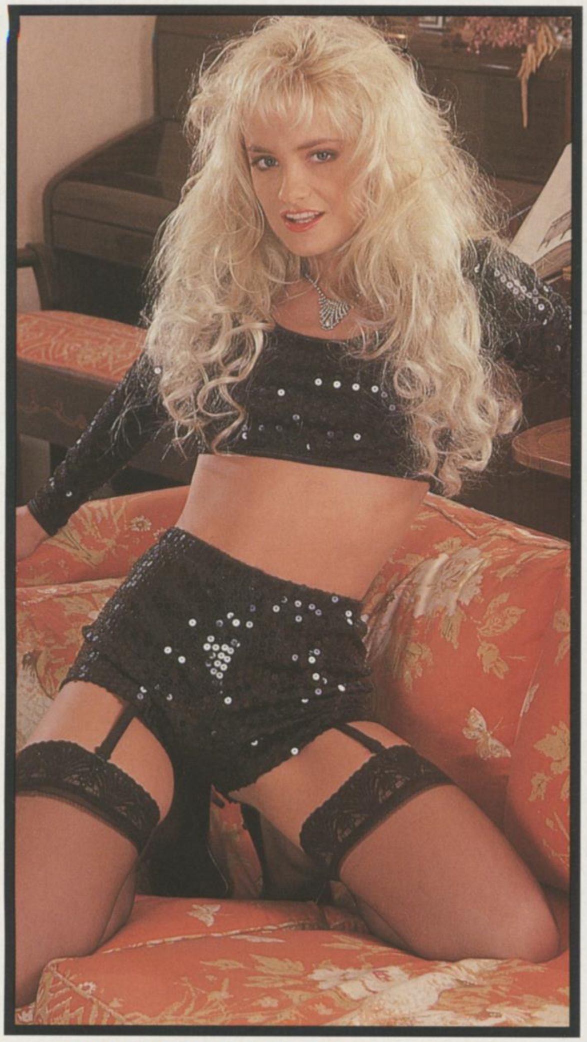
Dirty Diana Sampson always thinks long and hard before she climbs into bed with a new man. "Yeah, 'long' and 'hard' being the operative words!" laughs the wicked 19-year-old from Worcestershire. "I think about what it will feel like when he touches my pussy and caresses my breasts. Then I play with myself, imagining his firm length pushing into my wetness. The way I see it is if I can get off on just thinking about what a guy will do, when he actually does the real thing it will be even better!" Ⓜ



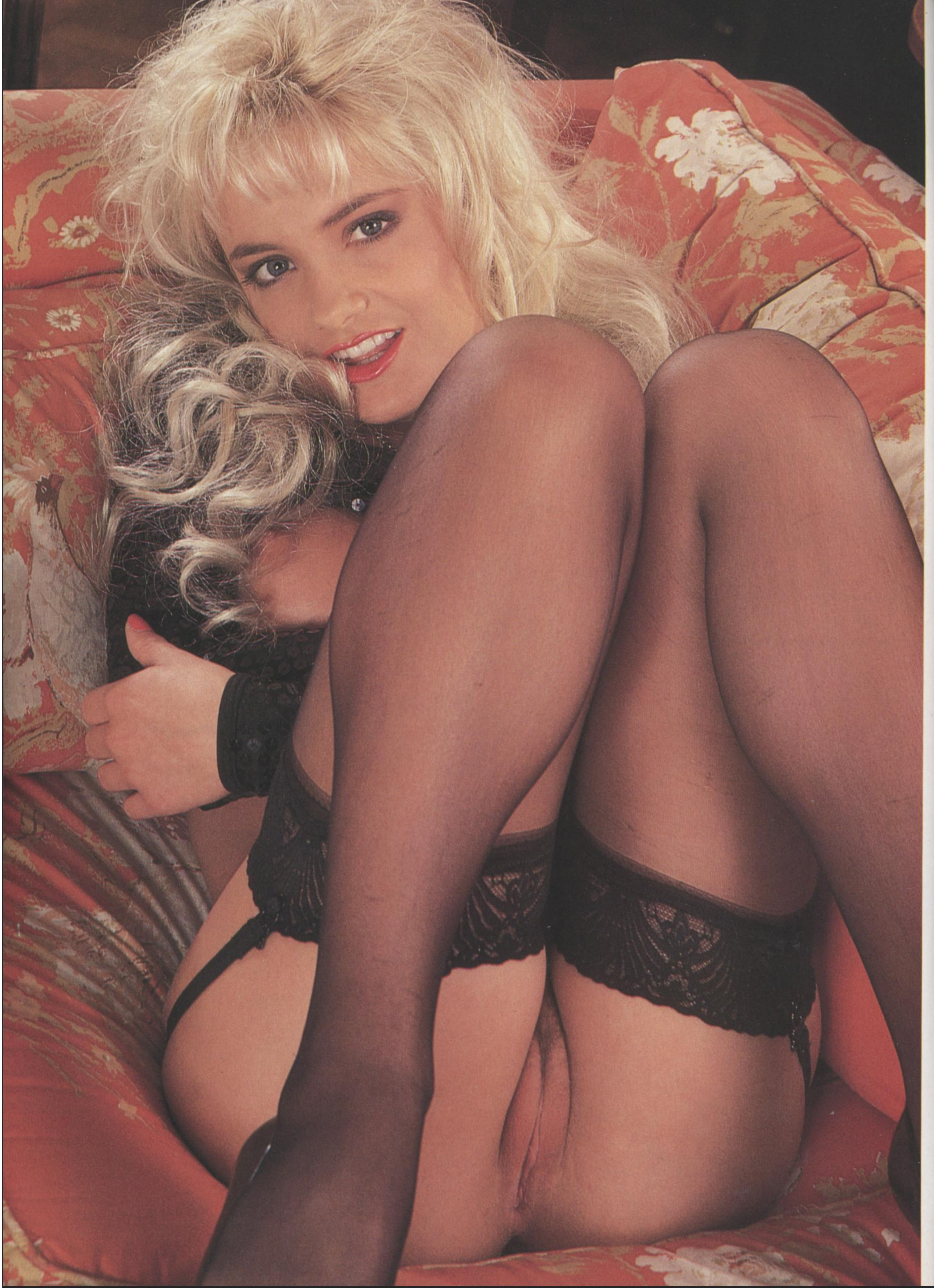
SUZANNE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

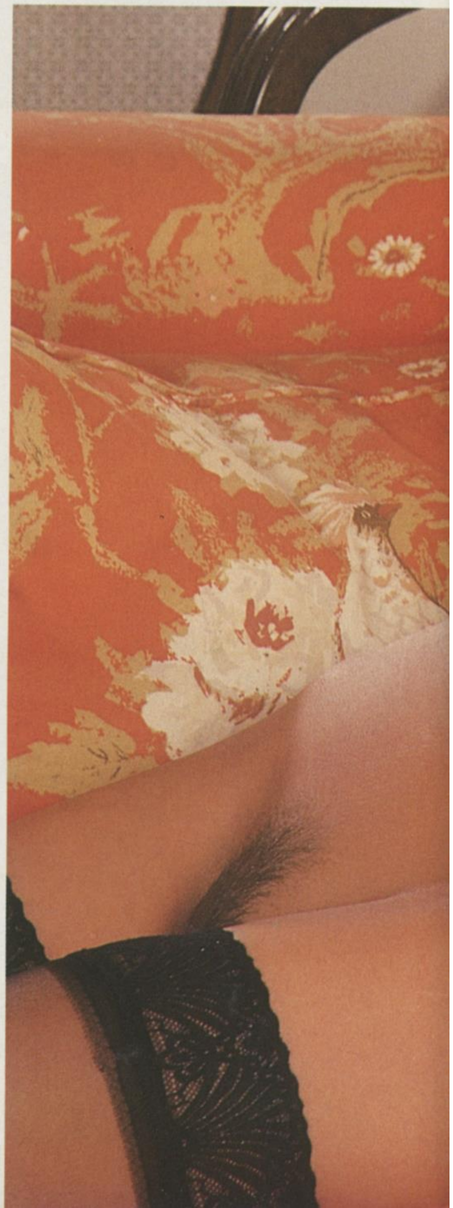
When 23-year-old Suzanne Johnson appeared in Vol 26 No 4 and confessed to being an avid *Mayfair* reader she got more than she bargained for. As soon as the magazine hit the shelves Suzanne was inundated with her sexy pictures snipped from the issue together with requests to autograph them. "I just couldn't believe it! The postman must have thought all my birthdays had come at once. I felt like a real sex star sitting up in my bed every morning and signing my photographs for fans," says Bromsgrove girl Su enthusiastically, at the same time slipping out of her black stockings and whipping off her short spangley hot pants to reveal her tight pink love slit. "It's a very sexy feeling knowing that so many men want to fondle my boobs and go down on my pussy. If I had my way they'd all join me in bed at the same time though I don't think the springs would last long!"

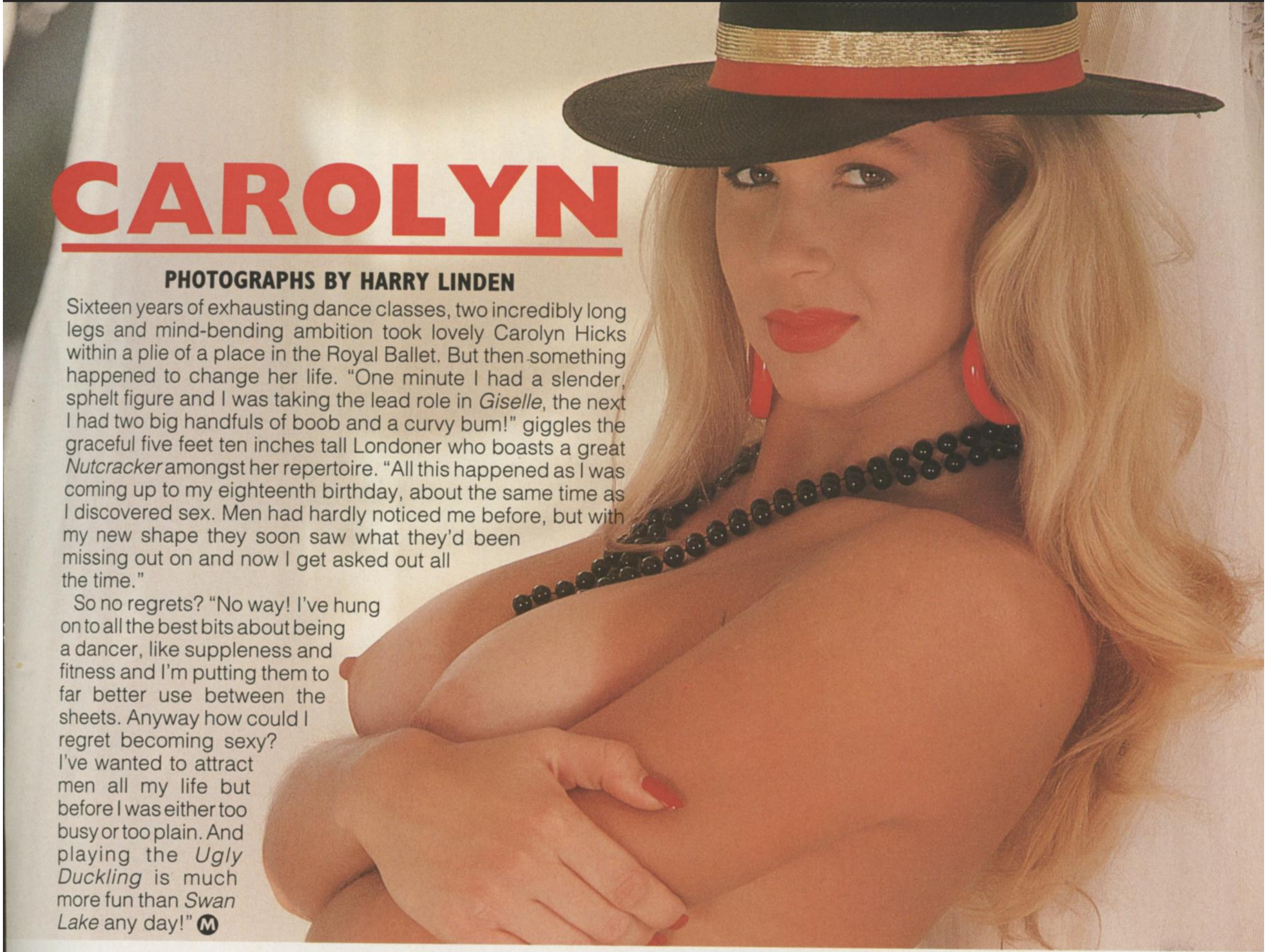
In the meantime, have you a message for your thousands of supporters? "Oh yes. I hope they



feel as sexy as I feel knowing what I'd like to be doing with each and every one of them."

Which is? "Autographing every inch of my body with pink icing sugar and turning up in person for a *Mayfair* reader and making them lick it off inch by lovely inch." Sounds all write to us! Ⓜ



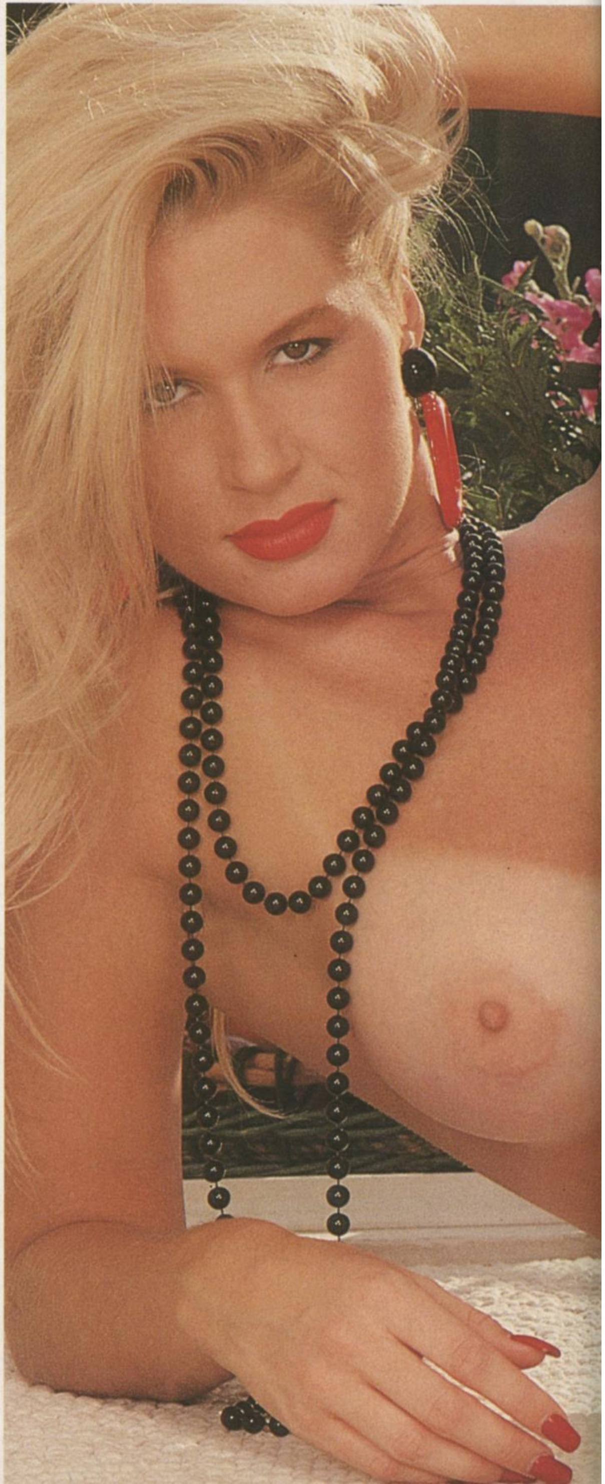


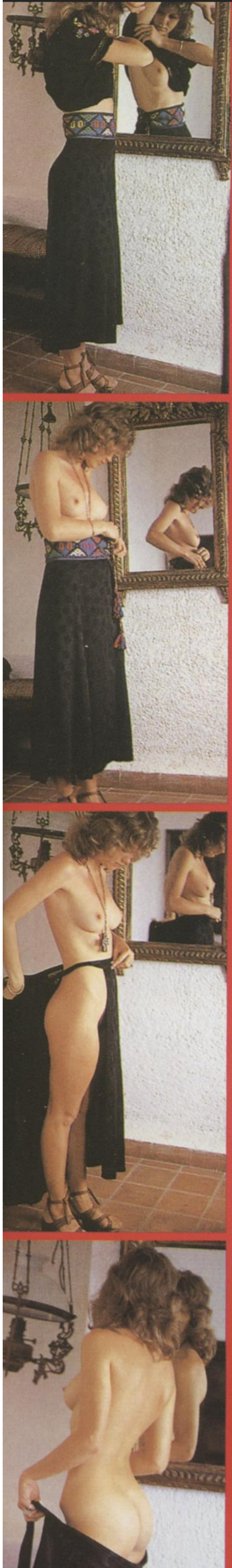
CAROLYN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY LINDEN

Sixteen years of exhausting dance classes, two incredibly long legs and mind-bending ambition took lovely Carolyn Hicks within a plie of a place in the Royal Ballet. But then something happened to change her life. "One minute I had a slender, sphelt figure and I was taking the lead role in *Giselle*, the next I had two big handfuls of boob and a curvy bum!" giggles the graceful five feet ten inches tall Londoner who boasts a great *Nutcracker* amongst her repertoire. "All this happened as I was coming up to my eighteenth birthday, about the same time as I discovered sex. Men had hardly noticed me before, but with my new shape they soon saw what they'd been missing out on and now I get asked out all the time."

So no regrets? "No way! I've hung on to all the best bits about being a dancer, like suppleness and fitness and I'm putting them to far better use between the sheets. Anyway how could I regret becoming sexy? I've wanted to attract men all my life but before I was either too busy or too plain. And playing the *Ugly Duckling* is much more fun than *Swan Lake* any day!"

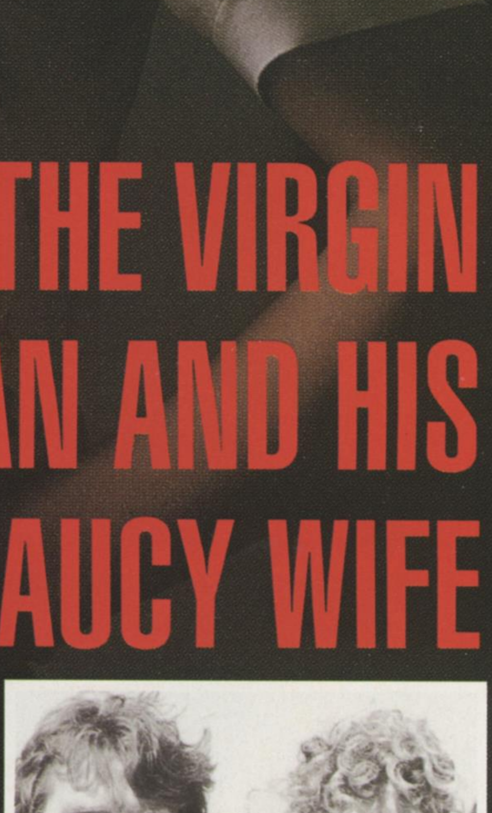




NUDE EXCLUSIVE!

Richard Branson's Better Half Shows Off Her Assets

THE VIRGIN MAN AND HIS SAUCY WIFE



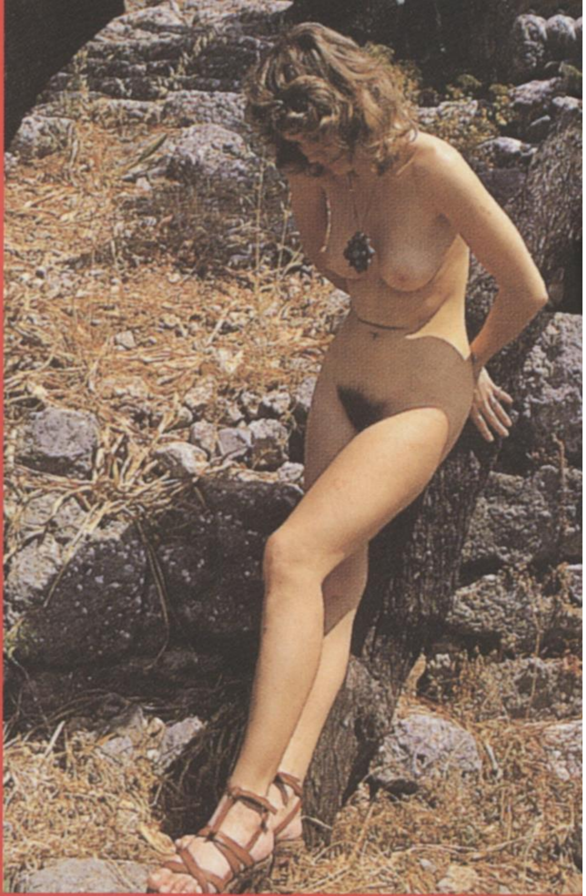
That's Rich!

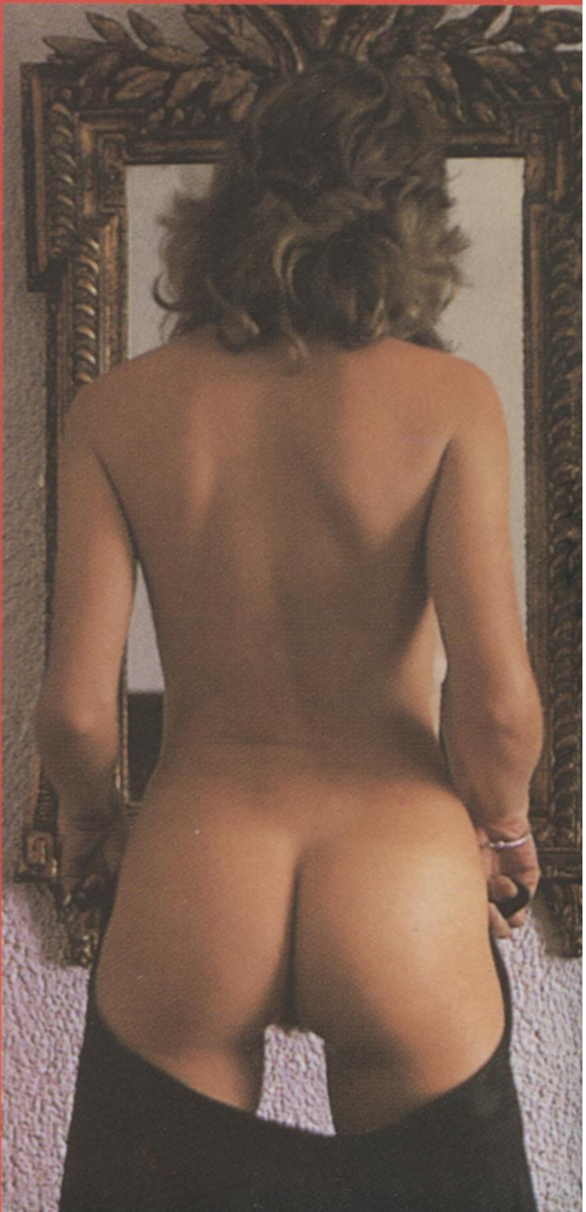
Whether he's selling Virgin Records for millions to EMI, flying hot air balloons or launching a range of condoms, multi-millionaire Richard Branson never stops making news — or money. Super-rich Branson says he's now concentrating all his financial efforts on his airline Virgin Atlantic, but his wife Joan was ready for take-off way back in 1973. For in those days Joan Templeton, as she was known then, was happy to pose nude — and she was rightly as proud of her assets as

Richard is of his today.

This set of Glasgow-born Joan was taken on the isle of Crete before she married Branson, when she combined nude modelling with running a clothing business in Kensington market, and shows that like her hubby, she's not frightened of a little exposure. It seems that Branson, who briefly held the Blue Riband for speeding across the Atlantic by boat, isn't the only one who enjoys the occasional act of daring!

Branson recently received half a billion pounds from Thorn EMI for his music business — which, by our reckoning, makes Joan the first billion dollar baby to bare all!

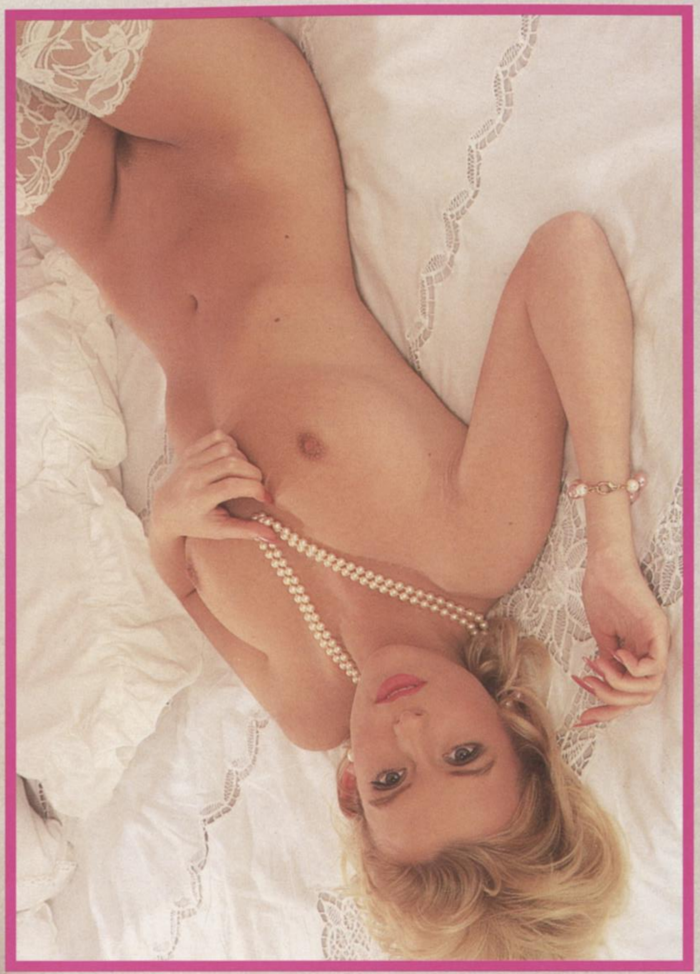




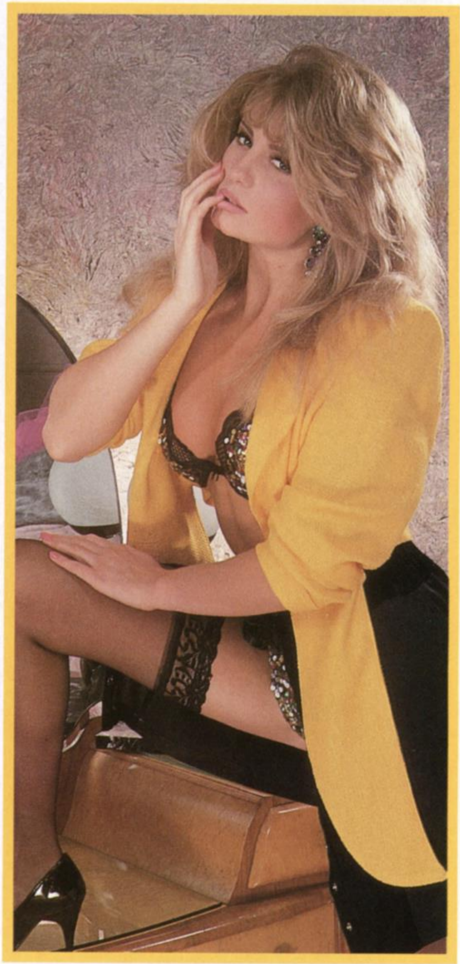
SARAH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK GURGUL

Taking time off from her hectic social life and busy love life, sexy Sarah Spencer has spent six months tracing her family tree and investigating the antics of her ancestors. So has all that abstinence been worthwhile? "Yes, you wouldn't believe the things I've found out about the Spencers," reveals our sensational Sloane. "I had a great, great aunt who'd sleep with all her servants—even the girls. Then there was my distant cousin, Alice who screwed the stable boy and got disinherited. I certainly seem to come from a long line of lovers who like a bit of slap and tickle. So next time I find myself getting bonked from behind with my head between another girl's legs I'll know I'm doing my bit to carry on the family tradition!" Ⓜ

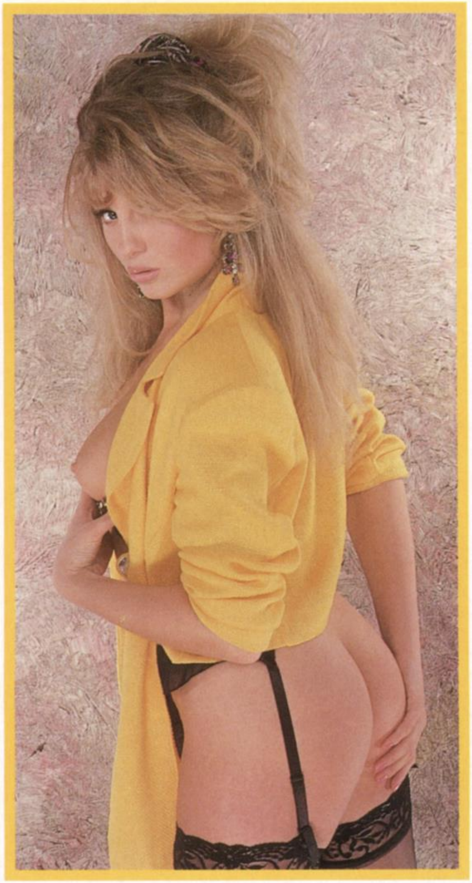


LAURA ANTHONY

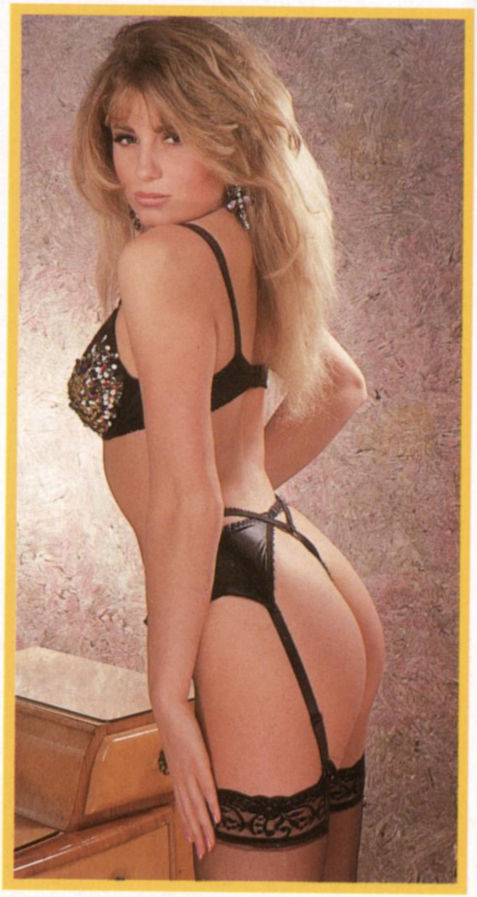


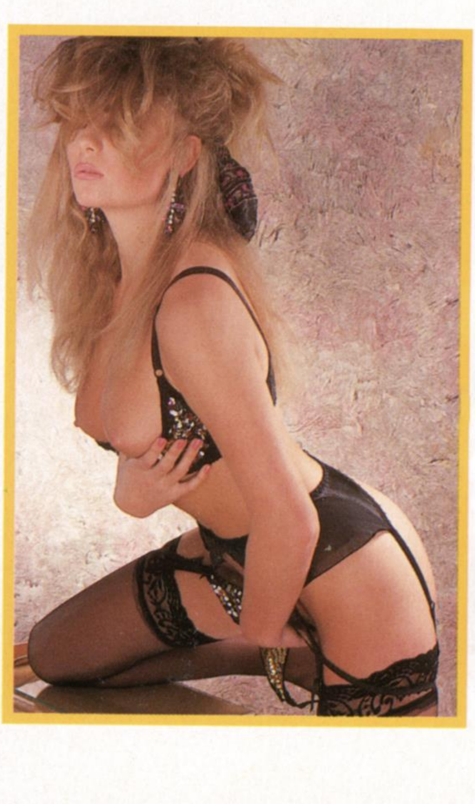
Twenty-one-year-old Miss Anthony is full of naughty ideas and fantasies. However her only repeatable ambition is to appear as a contestant on the television show *Surprise! Surprise!* with Cilla Black. Strange, we know, but loveable Laura's logic is quite straightforward. "What I'd like is for Cilla to surprise all my old boyfriends by getting them together in the same room with me," says Laura running a slender finger down her deep cleavage. "Then I'd like every minute of our naughty reunion to be recorded for me on film.

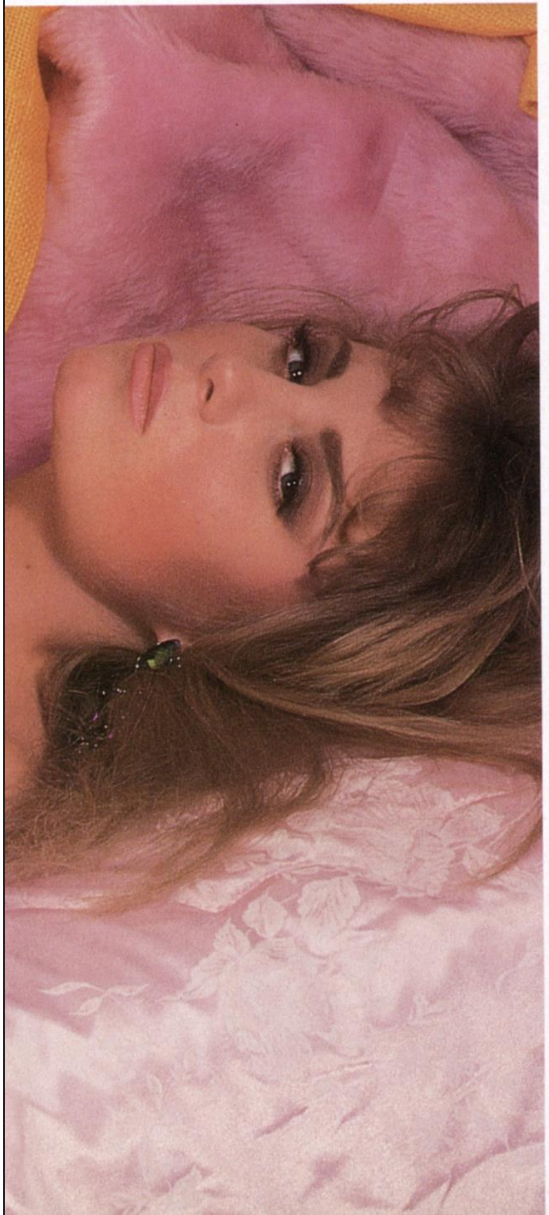
"I've been out with quite a few fellas since I left school, from mechanics to managers and I'd love to meet them all again. First I'd find out what they were all doing now and they could ask me about my career. Then we'd get stuck into the good stuff when I'd get to do all the sexy things that I was too shy to try when I was younger. Things like sucking their cocks and swallowing their come; masturbating in front of



them and letting guys make love to me from behind. I'd dress up in saucy underwear and live out their fantasies with them." Well that sounds like a Laura, Laura laughs to us! Ⓜ







MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
laura

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
l a u r a

Teri

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

Cambridge Law graduate Teri, 21, says she has her eyes set firmly on a career in "avoiding work". After a couple of months spent helping out at the Winter Olympics in Albertville Teri decided that she would much rather be Eddie the Eagle than a legal eagle. "I wasn't very good going down the slopes, but off piste I went down fine," smiles Teri cheekily. "In fact I enjoyed the night-life and the love-life so much," she continues, "I think I want to be a ski bum for ever!" And with a bum like hers, can you really blame her?

JO

You know Jo's back when the magazine weighs so much you can hardly pick it up! Everywhere you look Jo's ginormous jugs are busting to get out. "So what do you reckon, guys?" smiles juicy Jo, slipping out of a frilly skirt that looks like a chamois leather that's accidentally

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE ANTHONY

MAYFAIR BRA BURSTERS

ended up in the blender, but don't tell Jo we said so. "I made this outfit myself and I'm very proud of it," she told us. "Especially the way it shows off my boobs. Not that it's easy to hide them!" In fact, Jo is beginning to believe her mamms have minds of their own. "I can't run for a bus, dance or jog without my 40 inchers popping out of my top. They've fallen out more often than Andy and Fergie! My tits are a real handful!" You can say that again, Jo! Ⓜ

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

emily

Imagine opening up your front door and finding yourself face to face with the friendly smile and firm boobs of voluptuous Emily standing on your Welcome mat. Well that's exactly what happened to Ian from Derbyshire when our bouncy blonde locked herself out of her new semi in Sandiacre while doing a spot of topless bathing in the back garden. "I was terribly embarrassed as Ian offered to lend me a tee-shirt to cover my bare boobs," giggles Emily, blushing slightly across her smooth chest. "But when he said I was pretty enough to be in *Mayfair* I took my fingers away from my nipples and let him look at those too!" Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB TANNER

TRACEY

"What a night I had last night — and I was on my own too!" gushes 20-year-old Tracey Coleman, whose munchy little bum you may remember from *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 13. "Most fellas don't know that us girls have wet dreams too, but believe me they do! If I've got a man on my mind when I go to sleep, in the morning my panties will be drenched with come.

"Last night I was thinking about a fella I met on the train. When I fell asleep I had a dirty dream about him seducing me in front of the commuters," continues Tracey rather breathlessly. "The man stroked my boobs through my blouse, then slid a warm hand between my legs. Then just as I reached down and pulled his cock out and he pressed hard on my clitty... I woke up!" How frustrating, we offered. "Oh yes, but surely you fellas know how us girls relieve frustration..."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

LETTERS

WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

THINK AGAIN

Oh wow! I've just finished flicking through *Mayfair* Vol 27 No 4 and my life has changed. Katia (page 92) is easily the most lovely, leggy beauty ever to grace your pages — and that's saying something! Her natural good-looks and flawless skin made me feel so horny I nearly burst the buttons on my jeans.

Katia said that she hopes everyone will be thinking of her while we are admiring her pictures. Well, let me tell you this, Katia. I'm *still* thinking of you and what lovely things we could do together, and I reckon I'll still be thinking about you in a year's time. But in the meantime, please show more of cute Katia to refresh my memory some more! — Chris, Manchester

THREE FOR ALL

My name is Mandy, I'm 21 years old, and until a few months ago I considered myself pretty liberated when it came to sex. Until, that is, I stumbled across a pile of my boyfriend Neil's copies of *Mayfair*. The things other girls get up to! I had no idea that all the secret fantasies I'd been having were the same as those of horny girls all over Britain!

My boyfriend, of course, had no idea that I had thoughts like that at all. What kind of thoughts? I mean dreams about licking out another girl while my boyfriend watches, or sucking on his hard cock while a girl thrusts her fingers into my wet pussy... in short, threesomes!

There were some pretty well-thumbed pages in the back issues, and I was pretty turned on to discover that the stories and pics Neil loved best were the ones about sex with more than one person. We had more in common than I thought! But how to tell him?

There was only one way. The direct approach. I took the plunge and telephoned a friend of mine, Lesley. She's the horniest friend I have, and just as happy to fuck a woman as a man. In fact she'd tried to get me into bed a number of times. This time, it was going to happen. We arranged to be in the house when Neil got home from work.

This was my first time with a woman, so I decided to leave myself entirely in Lesley's hands. She knew exactly what to do. First, she turned up at my house in a tight mini dress that showed off her gorgeous figure to perfection, and because of the breeze outside, her nipples were standing right up through the material. I was so amazed by how sexy she looked, I hardly had time to be embarrassed.

Without saying a word, she took me by the hand and led me into the sitting room. We have a sheepskin rug in front of the fire and she gently pushed my shoulders so that I was kneeling in front of her. Very expertly, she undid the buttons of my shirt with one hand, while she stroked my breasts through the material with the other. She reached inside my bra and brushed her fingers across my nipples, making them stand up as hard and tingling as hers.

Lesley then slid her hands along my thighs, under my skirt. Her fingers stroked along the gusset of my panties, already damp and sticky with juice. She knew exactly where to touch a woman — her fingertip found my throbbing clit and began to stimulate it gently. I couldn't stop a moan escaping me, and that was Lesley's cue. Quickly she pulled off my shirt and bra and began to suck hungrily on my nipples, at the same time rubbing along my slit with her hand. I felt her fingers slide inside me, first one, then two, then three, and it felt as though the biggest, hardest cock in the world was thrusting into me.

The walls of my pussy were tight around her fingers as she pushed into me as hard as she could; then just when I was moaning and crying that I was about to come, she pulled them out and moved down so that she could lick my cunt. Her tongue was even more precise than her fingers: faster and faster she caressed the hard button of my clit until I was gasping that I couldn't bear it. Just when I thought she would let me come, she stopped again. "Don't stop, don't stop!" I moaned, and the reply made me open my eyes and sit up in surprise.

"No, don't stop!" It was a man's voice. Neil's to be precise. There he was, in his suit and tie, with his briefcase in one hand and his cock in the other. I'd been so involved, I hadn't heard him come in!

"Neil, she won't let me come!" I cried, all embarrassment gone in my sex frenzy.

"Why don't you join us?" Lesley asked. Without her clothes on, she was even more stunning, with her long hair hanging over her big breasts.

What Neil did next certainly proved I'd been right about his fantasies! He pulled off his suit and joined us on the rug. The sight of his rock hard cock in front of me

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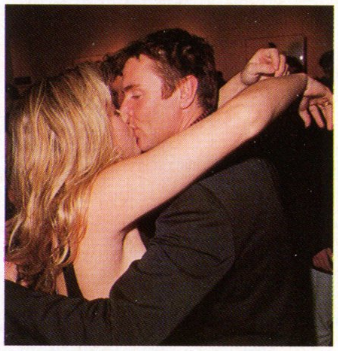
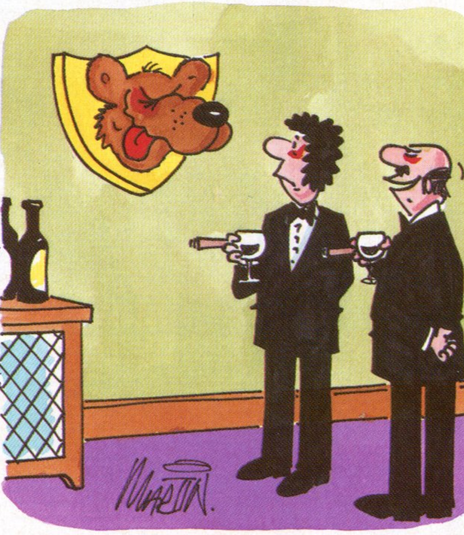


Everything you always wanted to know about — Amanda de Cadenet Part One

The stunning star is married to Simon le Bon, ex-lead singer of hard core group Napalm Death



"He was mating at the time..."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

was almost more than I could bear. "Screw me, Neil," I moaned.

He rolled me over onto all fours and pushed into me from behind. I could feel every inch of his cock in me as he thrust in and out. At one point I thought I would pass out.

As he fucked me, he reached underneath me, rubbing his hands over my breasts and clitty. I was on the verge of coming when I looked up and saw Lesley. She was in front of us, watching, her legs spread wide so that I could clearly see her finger rubbing her clit and sliding in and out of her lovehole. Her pussy was glistening, and as Neil pumped into me, her fingers matched the pace on her clit.

The sight of Lesley bringing herself to orgasm was too much. I felt my pussy walls tighten round Neil's thrusting prick, gripping him strongly as I lost myself in my own climax. Neil hung on for a few moments longer, transfixed by the sight of Lesley rubbing her nipples and thrusting her fingers into her cunt, then with a long moan, he came inside me. His cock was still rigid inside me as I collapsed onto the rug exhausted — and it didn't take much persuasion for us to begin doing it all over again!

I have to thank *Mayfair* for finally showing me that dreams can come true! And just a final note to all the other girl readers out there — for really great sex, let all your fantasies run riot! — Mandy, North London

NOTHING BETWEEN US

Pete and me have been mates since we were schoolkids and have always been close, until he did the worst thing any bloke could do and

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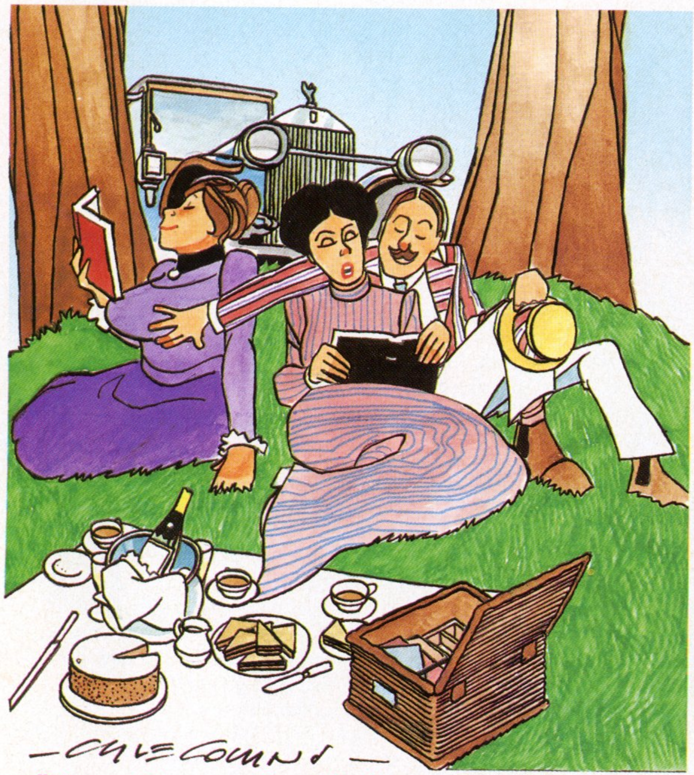


"Please, George... if you don't remove your arm from round my shoulders at once, I shall be forced to tell my chaperone."

MONEY

Commission-free advice on a cash crisis from City slicker ***Alexander More...***

OH NO, IT'S THE BILL!

You've spent a fabulous evening with mates and your girl in the restaurant, and looking forward to coffee and lick-hers at your place. Then somebody spoils it by saying something stupid, namely, "Your bill, sir!"

Like all restaurant bills it could win the Booker Prize for fiction, any resemblance to real items consumed, living or dead, being purely accidental. And like most books these days, it's huge! Here are *Mayfair*'s ten ways to avoid paying it...

1) Pretend to get drunk and about to throw up on the white linen. The staff will throw you out before you put the other customers off.

2) Create a scene. Shout "I'm not paying fifty quid for that undercooked shite!" Insist on seeing the manager. Complain very loudly. They'll have you away in no time at all. Not so good in sushi bars though.

3) Get yourself arrested. Hit the waiter.

4) Deliberately choose a restaurant that doesn't accept plastic and 'accidentally' forget your cash. Leave your friend to bail you out.

5) If in a group of more than eight, offer to work out what each person ate and divide the bill accordingly. Add 12 per cent for service charge already included.

6) Pretend you're a restaurant reviewer for some lifestyle magazine (not *Exchange & Mart*). Interview the chef and manager. Eat and drink for free all night.

7) Arrange to run into an 'old friend' at the next table and spend the crucial tab time with them.

8) Snog obviously and loudly till you're practically having sex on the table. It takes a strong-minded waiter to interrupt that.

9) Always eat with your boss (doesn't work with Mr Bleach) or friends much wealthier than you. Unless he's a tight wad (see above exception) he'll insist on paying.

10) Finally if all else fails, offer to a) do the washing up, b) give the wine waiter a blow job, or c) bring your mates the Krays round to discuss a little 'insurance deal', know what I mean?

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

The official receiver of this month's gold-plated replica of Rebecca's beautiful bottom is Cadbury's, the chocolate and practically-everything-else manufacturers. Despite the recession eating away at everyone else's, this company's profits are up 13% this year — all because the public love *Milk Tray*, and are prepared to pay through the bloody nose for it.

Questioned as to why the sweetie giant was increasing its business when people couldn't afford luxuries any more, some hard nut from the company said that they weren't selling that much more, but had merely increased their profit margins. Or to put it another way, upped their prices unnecessarily to make more out of us, the humble chocaholics. Now this may give the Bourneville boys 'that Friday feeling' but it leaves the customer with creme egg all over his face.

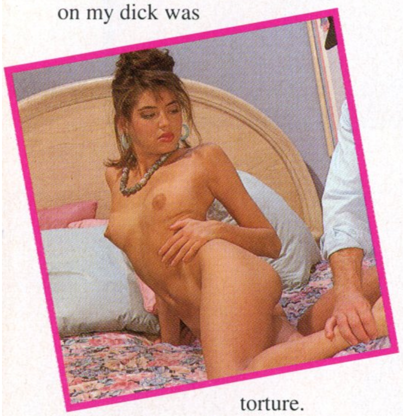
So we are happy to award Cadbury's our soft-centred BTM for profiting at the expense of the customer and hope it Nestles nicely on the mantelpiece.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

stole my girlfriend, Lucy. I was gutted! Not least because Lucy was the dirtiest girl I ever knew — what she didn't know about dick wasn't worth knowing: her body was fantastic, a beautifully curvy 37-25-36 and her firm round knockers were a delight. She'd bring me off all over them, then massage the gooey spunk into her skin while commanding me to lick out her cunt until she'd come really hard, her juices gushing over my tongue.

Not having that pretty, innocent-looking (hah!) face framed with a straight-cut brown bob zeroing in on my dick was torture. Knowing Pete was getting just that made it even worse. Only the fact we were once such good mates stopped me going round his place and beating the crap out of him. Instead, I took up residence in my local, moping in my beer until one night somebody suddenly put a pint in front of me. I looked up and there was Pete.



"Before you lose your cool, Chas, I gotta tell you something," he said. "It's Lucy; she wants the both of us." I asked what he meant and he said we should go round her place and we'd find out.

When we walked in, I was amazed to see Lucy stretched out on the sofa wearing the sexiest gear I ever saw her in. She had on a tight PVC basque that squashed her boobs together so they nearly spilled out the top. On her legs she wore long black stockings and on her feet she had spike-heeled tarty ankle-boots. Her hand was already caressing her cunt through a thin red g-string and I could see she was getting wet. "I can't stand coming between you lads," she explained, "so I guess I'll have to have you both. How about it, Chas? Pete? You share everything else, so what about me?"

I looked at Pete. He nodded. I nodded too.

"Great!" sighed Lucy. "It's always been a fantasy of mine to get screwed by two hunky guys. Don't hold back — treat me anyway you want and I'll be your dream lover, okay?"

If that was what got her turned on, neither of us minded. We joined her on the sofa and she wasted no time in getting our dicks out, taking turns to lick them all over while our hands pawed her body. We eased her tits from the basque and gave her knockers a good squeeze till Lucy's nipples were hard and erect. My hand snaked between her legs and rubbed her cunt under her g-string. She was wet as fuck and begging to be screwed.

"Get down here!" I urged her. "Stick out your bum and Pete'll give you a good shafting... while I dick that pretty face of yours!"

Lucy liked that, and soon she was on all fours on the rug, her mouth full of my thrusting cock while Pete gave it to her from behind, ramming his big prick deep into her cunt, making her sigh blissfully through the fat hard-on deep in her throat. After Pete had made her come, we swapped places. Pete'd made her so sensitive she climaxed after I'd only given her a couple of strokes and after that there was no stopping her.

"Give me more cock!" she was panting, sweat making her tits gleam as she licked all her cunt juice off our firm pricks before straddling me and feeding my swollen cock into her tight pussy. Then she stretched the sexy fabric of the g-string she still had on right down so it trapped my balls under the gauzy moist fabric as we fucked. Pete, meanwhile, was happily stroking his dick over Lucy's face, her mouth wide open and her tongue extended to flick against his red shiny helmet. In next to no time, she was climaxing once again, squeezing the walls of her cunt agonisingly hard round my shaft. I thought I was going to come my load, but Lucy freed me just in time.

She'd lost it completely, leaning back against the sofa and clutching a dick in either hand. "I wanna see you boys come!" she moaned like a bloody nympho. "I wanna see your pricks shoot spunk!" Shit, it was like something from a sleazy German porno movie as Lucy wanked me and Pete hard, moaning hard for us to cream over her face, in her mouth, on her lips, over her tits. I was on the point of coming,

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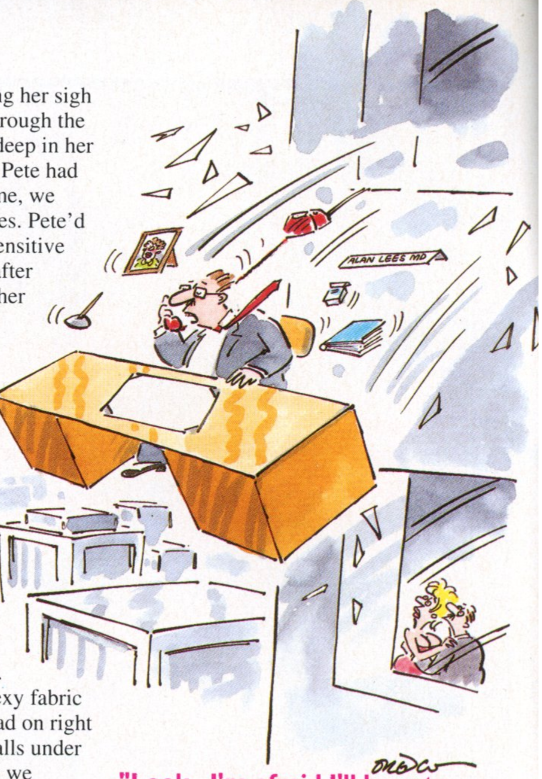


"Look, I'm afraid I'll have to ring off now — something's just come up!"

mayfair hears

'I've finally got in touch with the female side of myself. I'd never met her before, but I gave her a big squeeze.' — *David St. Hubbins from spoof rock group* Spinal Tap.

'If I was a woman I'd stay at home all day and play with my breasts.' — *Steve Martin.*

'Boobs are beautiful. I wouldn't say the vagina is beautiful, but it is compelling. It makes you want to do things to it.' — Right Said Fred's *Richard Fairbrass.*

'A dick is the greatest blessing a man can have. This three piece suite hanging outside your trousers.' — *Richard's brother Fred from* Right Said Fred.

mayfair reads

In an attempt to extort money out of Social Security, unemployed Irishman Peter Gallagher set up an elaborate plan which involved him signing on at 24 different DSS offices around the country. He spent the week travelling around cities from Swansea to Sunderland, signing false names and then dropping in on the addresses he'd given to pick up cheques. He was finally caught by the Fraud Squad who discovered that, had he filed a legitimate claim, he would have got £250 *more* than he had ended up swindling. — *The Guardian.*

Interior designer Edward Prosser pleaded not guilty to urinating in public after an England v Wales rugby international. His defence? Dressed as a Welsh dragon in Hammersmith magistrates court, he claimed wrongful arrest. "I am an animal, where are dragons supposed to take a leak?" he asked. Prosser appeared in full dragon regalia — including wings and tail — because that's all he had with him. He was fined £10 and filed a complaint about his treatment by the West London police during his stay in the cells. "I was given the wrong breakfast," moaned Prosser. "I should have had coal. Instead they gave me toast." — The *Times.*

A jobless man walked into newspaper offices in Sao Paulo, Brazil and asked them if they wanted to cover a story on him robbing a bank. Figuring it must be some sort of publicity stunt, the News Editor laughed, but sent along a photographer to get rid of him. To the photographer's surprise the man walked into a nearby bank, threatened to blow up one of the cashiers with a hand grenade and walked out with £20,000 in cash. By the time the paper alerted police the man had called a cab and escaped. — *The Telegraph.*

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

but Pete grunted he couldn't hold back any more and the spunk shot from his cock right into Lucy's open mouth as she squealed delightedly. The sight of his cream dribbling over Lucy's red lips was too much: I came on the spot, so hard my first spurt went right in her hair!

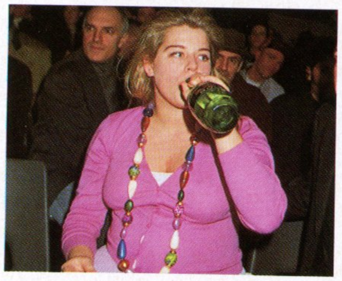
Our two spurting cocks poured out an amazing amount of come and Lucy was having the time of her life as she desperately tried to eat all our sperm, but she couldn't get it all and she ended up covered in the stuff, mostly all over her heaving tits. As she started to rub it into her skin with a look of bliss on her face, Pete and me both knew what to do, and we ducked down to take turns eating her pussy till Lucy screamed her way to another massive orgasm.

All three of us are well pleased with this relationship, though some of our friends find it a bit weird. We don't care though — we're having the best sex ever and no one loses anything, do they? — C. P., Birmingham

BETTER THAN BEADLE

With television seemingly obsessed with shows compiling 'hilarious' mishaps from the public's home videos, how about a programme of out-takes from ordinary people's naughty films?

Like many *Mayfair* readers, I'm sure, I have tried filming a few erotic bits with my wife, but almost always with disastrous consequences. For instance, if we are both to be in the film, I have to leave the camera running on the tripod whilst I join her in bed. The first time I attempted this, we got so carried away we rolled out of shot altogether, and came away with a one hour tape of empty bedclothes accompanied by grunting and groaning. When we finally managed to stay on screen, I put the tape on the next day to find that all you could see was my spotty bum going up and down. Brigette, my wife, was hidden completely. Not much of a turn-on, for me anyway.



Everything you always wanted to know about Amanda de Cadenet
Part Two
The sexy ex-public school girl who co-presented The Nerd, has been pregnant for about three thousand years

Not much more successful have been my attempts to film Brigette playing *Mayfair* model and stripping seductively for the camera. Not being a trained dancer, she almost always trips over when she tries to take her knickers off whilst standing up and collapses in giggles. Her attempts to be kinky have been even more ridiculous. The PVC catsuit looked great whilst she was wearing it, but her attempts to remove the hot skintight outfit were about as sexy as a fish flapping about on the deck of a trawler. Bondage was even worse. Once she tied me to the bed with the camera on the tripod and started giving me a blow-job which was great. Unfortunately she couldn't get the knots undone, and not being able to work the camcorder herself, the tape ended with an hour's rowing about where the scissors were and who had them last.

Surely this sort of out-take has to be more entertaining than yet

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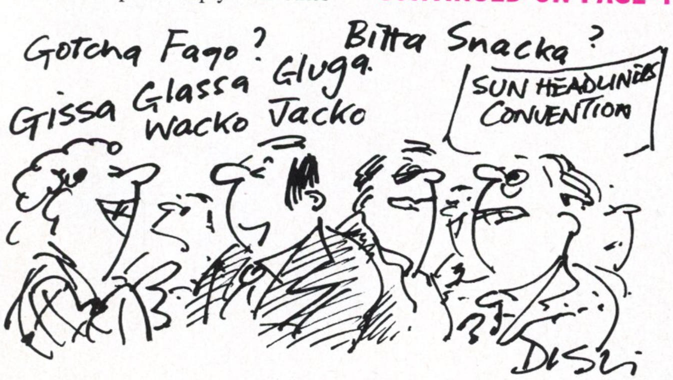


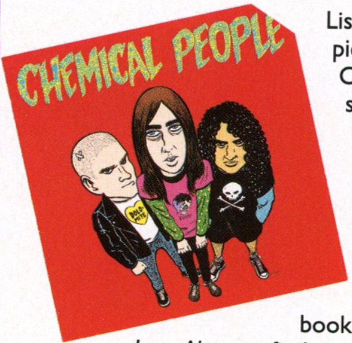
"It's worse than we thought!"

STUFF

You just can't get through the merry old month of May without...

Splashing out £250 on the latest in a puzzling line of Phillips' TVs that are made to look like other things. The *Your TV 2* model resembles a book. Coming soon, the TV that looks like a toilet to compliment the shit programmes we have to watch

Watching *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man* from MGM/UA Home Video starring Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson, and finding out why it was last year's most slagged off movie. Well worth a laugh, though

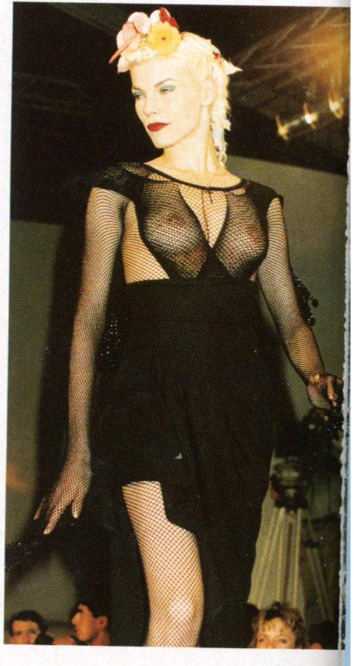


Listening to *Soundtracks* (not pictured left) by American band Chemical People, the music score for a Dark Brothers hard-core porn film that you can't even get in this country, and imagining what the women are up to in the movie

Reading Ivana Trump's new book, the imaginatively titled, *For Love Alone* to find out what America's richest hairstyle did between her plastic surgery appointments

CONNECTIONS

Links so obscure you need specs to see 'em...



Sexy Sarah Stockbridge models clothes by fashion designer Vivienne Westwood who once lived with pop impressario Malcolm McLaren

AS DID

Horny actress Lauren Hutton who starred in the hit sex-thriller movie American Gigolo

AS DID

Richard Gere, husband of super-model Cindy Crawford who is paid a million pounds a year to use Revlon make-up

AS IS

Cute cat-walk model Claudia Schiffer who once starred in a provocative advert for over-priced denim jeans

AS DID

Sarah Stockbridge

another person falling into a conveniently placed swimming pool? — Jeff, Margate

We'll have a word with our friends from Sky TV in the office near ours!

BUM DEAL

As an insurance clerk, I would like to say that Louise Hodges' bottom is severely undervalued if she's insured it for a mere half a million *(Money Mayfair* Vol 27 No 3)! An arse like that should be up there in seven figures at least. Doesn't she realise that under-insuring your most valuable assets is a false economy.

Tell Louise to pop round to my company where I will be happy to arrange proper cover for her delicious rear end. Our Knicker Contents policy insures against all risks, is index-linked (so like my dick when it saw Louise's arse, it goes up without asking) and offers the personal protection of a 24 hour bodyguard — namely me! Her bottom will be in good hands with us. — J. T., Bromsgrove

NEIGHBOUR-HOOD WATCH

Do any other *Mayfair* readers suffer from nosy neighbours? The old lady who lives next door to me takes neighbourhood watch far too literally and keeps her eye on everything I do, especially any girls that come in and out.

A goodnight kiss on the doorstep is almost always accompanied by the twitch of curtains from her window, and the tutting is almost audible. A bit of groping in the car is guaranteed to have us floodlit as she turns on all the lights in the house to see us better. But last week, she went too far. She called in the vice squad!

My latest girlfriend Janet and I had just got into bed, and I was feeling the delicious warmth of her body next to mine and weighing her large firm breasts in my hands when there was a knock on the door. We decided to ignore it, and I started kissing and licking her pert little nipples till they were standing out like cigar butts. The hammering on the door continued but I was too turned on to do anything about it. My cock was primed and ready to slide into her hot wet snatch. Her

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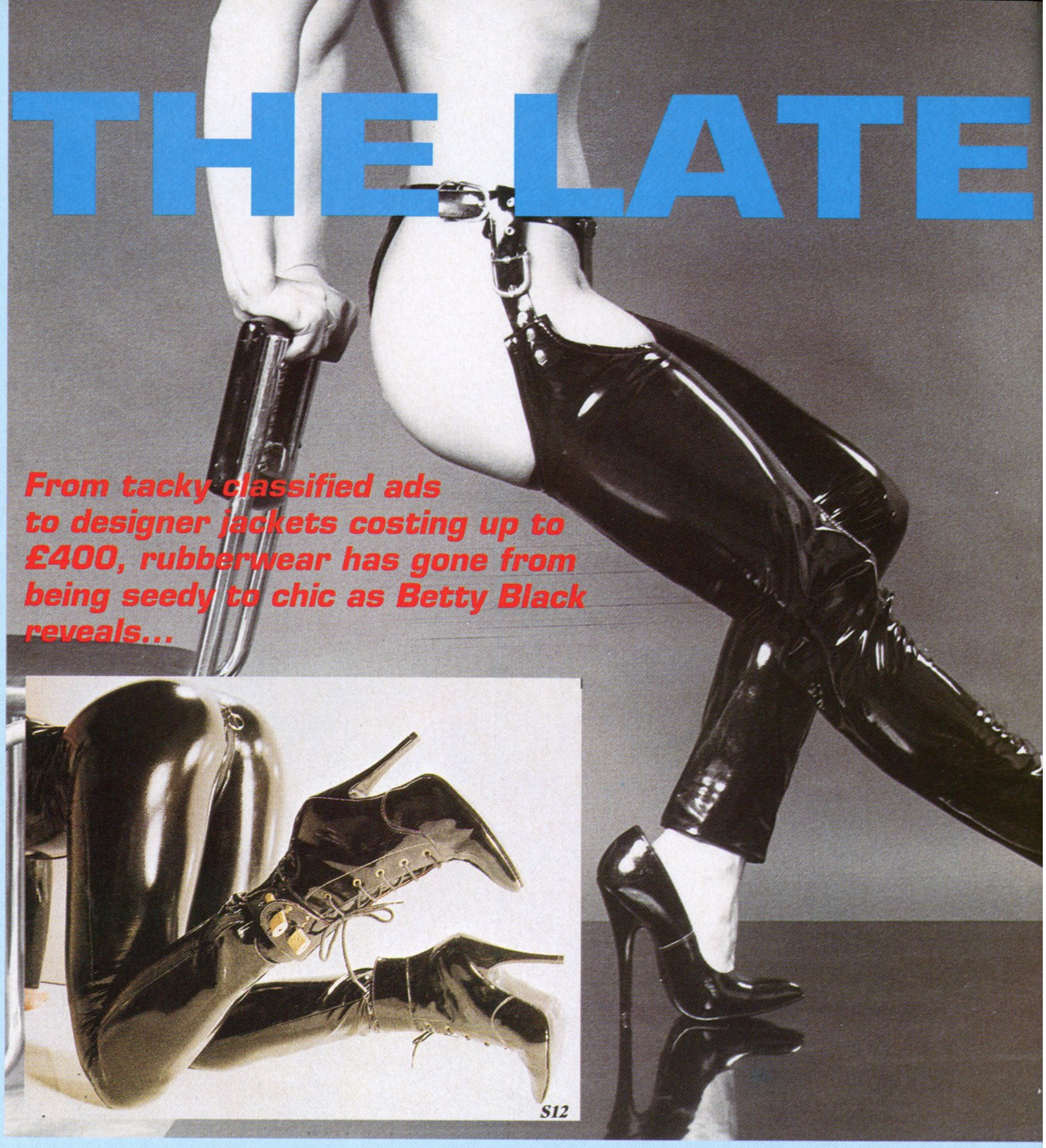
THE LATE



From tacky classified ads to designer jackets costing up to £400, rubberwear has gone from being seedy to chic as Betty Black reveals...

Not so long ago if you fancied anything made of rubber you had to look in the small ads of the more sensational Sunday papers. There, masquerading as incontinence pants or 'wet weather clothing', you'd find the odd pair of latex undies or a black shiny mac. But now rubberwear is not so much the preserve of the dirty old man as the naughty young girl. Smelly, impractical, uncomfortably hot, it still offers a sensation of its own for wearer and watcher alike. "The feeling of rubber clining to every inch of your body like a hundred clammy hands is so horny!" claims rubber dolly Debbie, whose wardrobe is made up exclusively of glossy clothes.

Perhaps the group that brought the pleasures of PVC to the public's attention was a dance troupe called Hot Gossip. In the 70s, the four young ladies and two men provided the 'naughty bits' for Kenny Everett's TV show, both sexes often clad in skintight plastic.

The sensation meant that PVC and rubber were bound to become fashionable, and who better to benefit than the company that provided Hot Gossip's outfits, *She and Me* (123 Hammersmith Road, London W4). Their range has changed little to the untrained eye, but there is more 'street wear' than before — jackets, trousers, skirts and dresses that could arguably be worn around town, though you'd still get odd looks at Sainsbury's.

A *She and Me* full-length catsuit will cost your girl or you £86.90, or a long tight-fitting 'hobble' skirt £35. Trousers can be squeezed into for £37. The material is called 'shimmer skin', a highly elastic four-way stretching material with a black shiny coat that fits very snugly. "It looks like you've just been painted, and slides right into the cleft of your bottom!" claims Debbie. "But it's so elastic you don't even know you're wearing it!"

In the late seventies, punk turned 'bondage gear' (chains and skintight trousers) into fashion but did nothing to make the material more respectable. It was the advent of magazines such as *Skin Two* treating the subject of rubberwear in an intelligent — almost academic — way. Yuppy women, desperate to appear outrageous at night clubs, bought a rubber dress. It was the era of 'designer fashion' and the designers turned to rubber.

These days dozens of designers from trendy Pam Hogg to the more specialist Kim West and *Ectomorph* offer rubber or plastic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

pussy lips parted, then came the words that are guaranteed to give even the most randy Lothario instant impotence, "It's the police. Open up!"

I pulled on a pair of pants and opened the door, and sure enough there were six officers, one with a sledgehammer standing outside. They showed their ID, and then said they had a warrant to search the place. I invited them in. Over the next hour, they went through every part of the flat finding nothing more incriminating than the odd copy of *Mayfair* and a packet of condoms. Every time they came to a locked cupboard the man with the sledgehammer looked excited, but I managed to find the key before he got to have his bit of fun. Finally, they rather sheepishly had to admit that I wasn't running a brothel or making hard core porn films. I went back to Janet who was still in bed looking nervous, as any girl who's just had a man rifle her drawers might be.

Naturally I asked them why all the fuss, and they replied simply that they'd had a complaint and had to act on it. So it seems that any nosy half-loony can ring the police and have them turning up in droves on a guy who's simply trying to have a bonk. To be fair, the police seemed as pissed off about it as we were, and proved that they too were only human by finding it hard to divert their attention from Janet's cleavage and spending ten minutes discussing the merits of the threesome scene in *Camomile Lawn*. Even so, Janet and I found it hard to recapture the mood once the boys in blue had gone.

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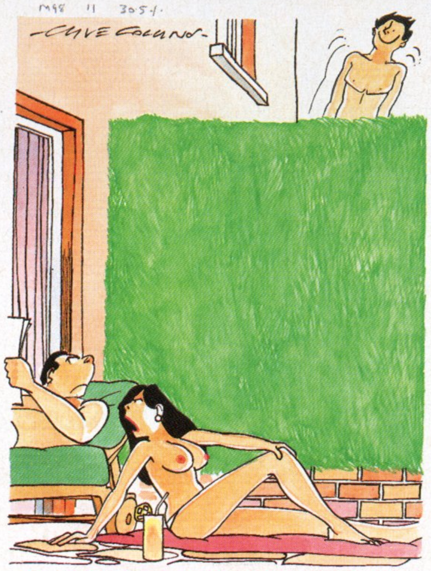


"Of all the neighbours we could have next door... we had to get someone with a trampoline!"

Surely, a man can do what he likes in his own private flat? — (Name and address withheld)

Our legal expert says it is not an offence to do anything you like in your own house, you can even own obscene material. It is only of interest to the lads from the law if you are selling it for gain!

YOUNG SHAVERS

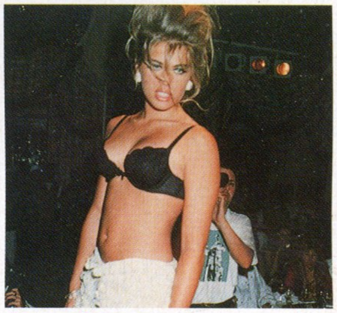
Your *You the Jury* page in Vol 27 No 3 was as amusing as ever, but the question of whether a girl should be shaven or not is no contest! Pubes are unsightly and totally pointless!

My wife Wendy has shaven her pubes as long as I've known her. These days, she lets me help, and I must admit that it never fails to give me a hard-on. Lathering up her neat little pussy, then sliding the razor over her lips is wonderful. She says the cool feeling of the blade on her fanny gets her moister than almost anything else, so as soon as we've finished, we're both ready for a fuck — her newly-shaved fanny responding to every little touch.

It took a little longer to get up the courage to let her shave my cock and balls! It wasn't that I didn't trust her, I was just concerned about what the guys down the squash club would say when 'the last turkey in the shop' put in its first appearance!

When we are both freshly shaven, our genitals are so responsive to touch that we have to fuck really slowly for fear we'll explode too soon. It's electric! Anything else is like keeping your coat on!
— Sean, Herts

So far the vote is pretty even. I don't think you can say pubes are pointless, though. Have you ever been poked in the eye with one? Ⓜ



Everything you always wanted to know about Amanda de Cadenet
Part Three
The saucy blonde's father was a skilled ice-cream salesman in the 1960s

Next month in Mayfair

Mirrel's soft bottom has been variously described as peachy, pinchable and perfect. Find out what all the fuss is about in **Volume 27 Number 6, on sale June 4.**

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

was almost more than I could bear. "Screw me, Neil," I moaned.

He rolled me over onto all fours and pushed into me from behind. I could feel every inch of his cock in me as he thrust in and out. At one point I thought I would pass out.

As he fucked me, he reached underneath me, rubbing his hands over my breasts and clitty. I was on the verge of coming when I looked up and saw Lesley. She was in front of us, watching, her legs spread wide so that I could clearly see her finger rubbing her clit and sliding in and out of her lovehole. Her pussy was glistening, and as Neil pumped into me, her fingers matched the pace on her clit.

The sight of Lesley bringing herself to orgasm was too much. I felt my pussy walls tighten round Neil's thrusting prick, gripping him strongly as I lost myself in my own climax. Neil hung on for a few moments longer, transfixed by the sight of Lesley rubbing her nipples and thrusting her fingers into her cunt, then with a long moan, he came inside me. His cock was still rigid inside me as I collapsed onto the rug exhausted — and it didn't take much persuasion for us to begin doing it all over again!

I have to thank *Mayfair* for finally showing me that dreams can come true! And just a final note to all the other girl readers out there — for really great sex, let all your fantasies run riot! — Mandy, North London

NOTHING BETWEEN US

Pete and me have been mates since we were schoolkids and have always been close, until he did the worst thing any bloke could do and

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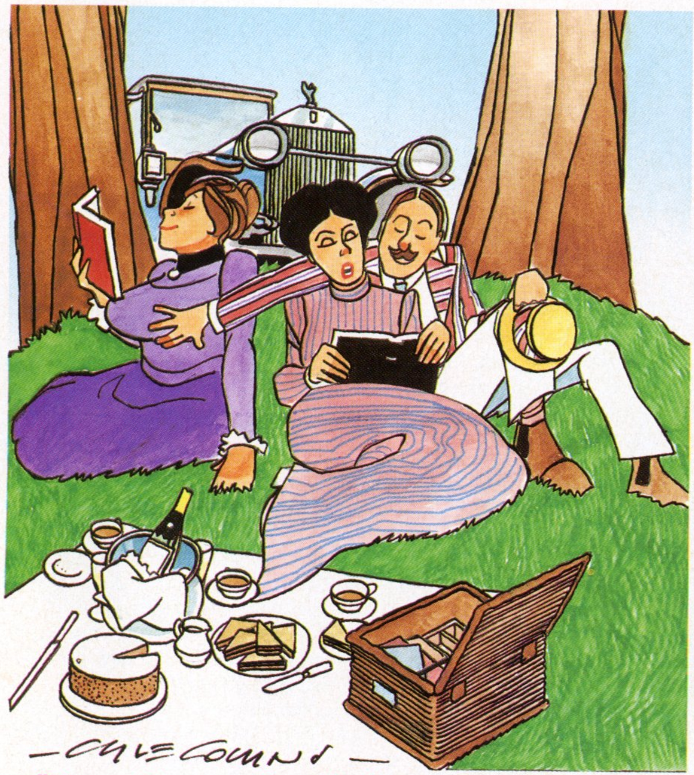


"Please, George... if you don't remove your arm from round my shoulders at once, I shall be forced to tell my chaperone."

MONEY

Commission-free advice on a cash crisis from City slicker ***Alexander More...***

OH NO, IT'S THE BILL!

You've spent a fabulous evening with mates and your girl in the restaurant, and looking forward to coffee and lick-hers at your place. Then somebody spoils it by saying something stupid, namely, "Your bill, sir!"

Like all restaurant bills it could win the Booker Prize for fiction, any resemblance to real items consumed, living or dead, being purely accidental. And like most books these days, it's huge! Here are *Mayfair*'s ten ways to avoid paying it...

1) Pretend to get drunk and about to throw up on the white linen. The staff will throw you out before you put the other customers off.

2) Create a scene. Shout "I'm not paying fifty quid for that undercooked shite!" Insist on seeing the manager. Complain very loudly. They'll have you away in no time at all. Not so good in sushi bars though.

3) Get yourself arrested. Hit the waiter.

4) Deliberately choose a restaurant that doesn't accept plastic and 'accidentally' forget your cash. Leave your friend to bail you out.

5) If in a group of more than eight, offer to work out what each person ate and divide the bill accordingly. Add 12 per cent for service charge already included.

6) Pretend you're a restaurant reviewer for some lifestyle magazine (not *Exchange & Mart*). Interview the chef and manager. Eat and drink for free all night.

7) Arrange to run into an 'old friend' at the next table and spend the crucial tab time with them.

8) Snog obviously and loudly till you're practically having sex on the table. It takes a strong-minded waiter to interrupt that.

9) Always eat with your boss (doesn't work with Mr Bleach) or friends much wealthier than you. Unless he's a tight wad (see above exception) he'll insist on paying.

10) Finally if all else fails, offer to a) do the washing up, b) give the wine waiter a blow job, or c) bring your mates the Krays round to discuss a little 'insurance deal', know what I mean?

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

The official receiver of this month's gold-plated replica of Rebecca's beautiful bottom is Cadbury's, the chocolate and practically-everything-else manufacturers. Despite the recession eating away at everyone else's, this company's profits are up 13% this year — all because the public love *Milk Tray*, and are prepared to pay through the bloody nose for it.

Questioned as to why the sweetie giant was increasing its business when people couldn't afford luxuries any more, some hard nut from the company said that they weren't selling that much more, but had merely increased their profit margins. Or to put it another way, upped their prices unnecessarily to make more out of us, the humble chocaholics. Now this may give the Bourneville boys 'that Friday feeling' but it leaves the customer with creme egg all over his face.

So we are happy to award Cadbury's our soft-centred BTM for profiting at the expense of the customer and hope it Nestles nicely on the mantelpiece.

MAYFAIR

VICARS AND TARTS

With about as many people paying the Poll Tax as admitting to watching Jeremy Beadle, councils are somewhat short of money just at the moment. But Tower Hamlets in London have come up with a new way to raise it — and a few quid as well. Strippers!

To demonstrate their dislike for such a cheap sexist form of entertainment — and make a few bob on the side — Tower Hamlets have massively increased the licence fees any impressario offering 'exotic dancing' will have to pay. The money goes to the Council wards, of course, not the girls themselves.

The manager and their ladies will just have to grin and bare it, say Tower Hamlets, unless they can somehow imply their show is for the good of the community. Churches and registered charities will be exempt from the new rates, and girls flashing their curvy bits will pay a flat fee of £70 a show. There's nothing like a stripper in your service to help bring about the second coming.

MOULDY ROLLS

It's the Best Car in the Whir-whir-bang! Yes, it seems even Rolls Royce, the producers of what has long been regarded as the world's finest limo, are being hit by the recession.

How come? Firstly, there are no longer enough people rich enough to afford their petrol guzzling products. So Rolls are rumoured to be looking for a partner to invest £200,000 to help them continue making these plush dinosaurs. Secondly there have been 'complaints' about the quality of their cars. The convertible Corniche, for example, is proving a little too soft around the top, and leaking all over the upholstery. Some forty cars are said to have been sent back for letting water drip on the crowned heads of Europe!

Well, how about this most British of motors containing parts from other countries? Apparently, the car that never broke down but 'failed to proceed' now relies on gearboxes flown in from America. Perhaps they could be the partners needed to proceed in business.

Some cynics might point out that this sudden slip-shod workmanship coincides with the company's privatisation (two years ago, before which Rolls was actually making a profit). You might think so, but we couldn't possibly comment.

TAKE TWO GIRLS

Could you make a million in a year? Financial advisers say that even in the current climate it's possible, so we thought we'd get two girls to give it a go. Two weeks ago we gave models Katherine Priam and Jill Brooks a tenner each and told them to invest it in whatever they could to get the best return.

Now Katherine is the cautious type (except when it comes to flinging her flimsies at any available fella, that is of course) and notoriously tight (with money too). So, she rang up an independent financial adviser to talk about her investments. He gave her an expensively produced booklet on PEPs and lunch at her local extremely posh restaurant, then suggested that her tenner would earn "well above the rate of inflation" and provide a lump sum of £25,000 after ten years. It wasn't enough, she said, and put it in the building society until she could find a stockbroker who really knew the market.

Jill on the other hand invested her ten quid straight away in a pair of very skimpy see-through satin french knickers that so impressed one of the *Mayfair* photographers that he took her on a shoot immediately, earning her a whopping £300.

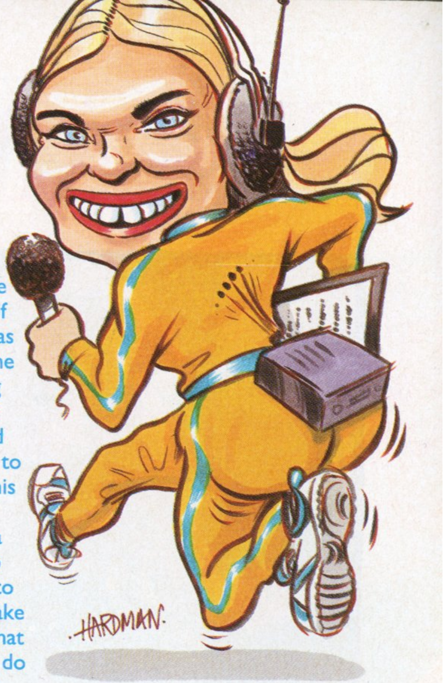
So after the first two weeks, what do our two girls have to show for their ten quid? Katherine has £10.02 in the Abbey National and a limp lasagne and side salad inside her.

Jill, on the other hand, has increased her £10 by 2,000 per cent and has £300, plus her original investment (the french knickers).

Join us every month as we look at the girls' assets, and watch them mounting...

Diary

Anneka Rice



Oh Gosh! The Editor of *Mayfair*'s pushed a real stiff one in my direction and asked me if I think I can pull it off. It's not as hard as some I've handled in the past. It's not a particularly long one, but I'm still not sure I can fit it in. When you live the kind of life I do you hardly get time to change your jump suit! Take this morning for instance:

7.04: Hubby challenges Anneka to "Make love before we go to work". Just forty-five minutes to go and the clock is running! Make love? How do you make it? What do you make it out of? Where do you get the materials? I need a team of highly skilled volunteers!

7.05: Phone up local builder. "Hi! This is Anneka Rice from the TV programme *Challenge Anneka*. I've got to get together some kind of love erection thing for my husband and I've got just... crikey! Forty-five minutes to do it in. Can you help?" The builder offers scaffolding, grout and a *Lamb's Navy Rum* Calendar.

7.06: Hail a cab to take me to the builder's yard. Cabbie issues another challenge! Wants to challenge Anneka to "get off the fucking TV for a while". Only one challenge at a time, I'm afraid, so I have to disappoint him.

7.30: Back at my house with van load of equipment and three strapping workmen who've kindly volunteered to give their advice! People are so keen to help. It really amazes me sometimes!

7.32: Dash upstairs. Just over fifteen minutes to go. I must construct this love for my husband, or fail the challenge!

7.33: Burst in through bedroom door. Paddy, Gary and Jason follow.

7.34: Where is hubby? I can't see him. I can't see him!

7.35: I can see a note! I can see a note on the dressing table! "You're going well, Annie," Gary says encouragingly.

7.36: I'm at the dressing table! I've got the note in my hand. What should I do with it? "Read the fucking note, Annie," Gary says.

7.37: My husband's "Gone away somewhere you'll never find me". Want to bet! I'm the woman from Treasure Hunt remember!

Well, that was what I got up to this morning. And that was before breakfast! No wonder that when the Ed asked me to do something for his organ I wasn't sure when I'd be able to get to grips with it. It's hard enough for me to fit in a banana and a couple of crispbreads let alone the column he's offering!

The mention of *Treasure Hunt* brings back memories. It certainly was a hectic thirty minutes! Flying in helicopters and wading through rivers with instructions arriving over the headset. Gosh! I've spent times without number thrashing about in the undergrowth with the contestants coming in my ear, I can tell you!

I love the public. I really do. They're amazing. So natural! Take Mrs Doris Gitt, the OAP from Glasgow who helped me out in my recent ad campaign for British Sewage. Doris had written in to the Sewage Board asking where bathroom waste goes. So one morning a TV crew and I called round at her house out of the blue! "Hi!" I shouted through the letter box. "I'm Anneka. British Sewage have sent me!" "Ach!" came the reply. "So they've started delivering the shite back tae us noo, have they? Away and boil yer heed!"

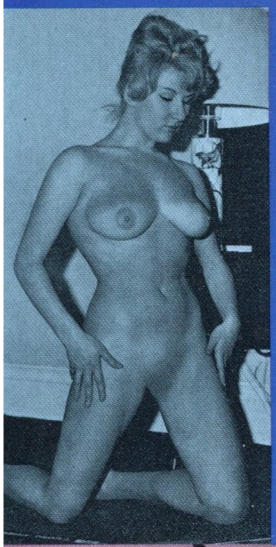
We'd got the wrong house! Two doors down we finally made contact with Mrs Gitt. Up in her bathroom I tied a red ribbon around my neck and flushed myself down Mrs Gitt's toilet. With the help of the ribbon and Sir Julian Stool, head of British Sewage, it was now possible for Doris to trace my progress through the system! When I emerged three days later in the Atlantic, Doris and Sir Julian were waiting to greet me. Now it was Doris's chance to ask a question she'd posed in her letter: "Why does sewage smell?"

Sir Julian was delighted to provide the answer: "So that we can detect a leak," he said. "And also because it's made of shit."

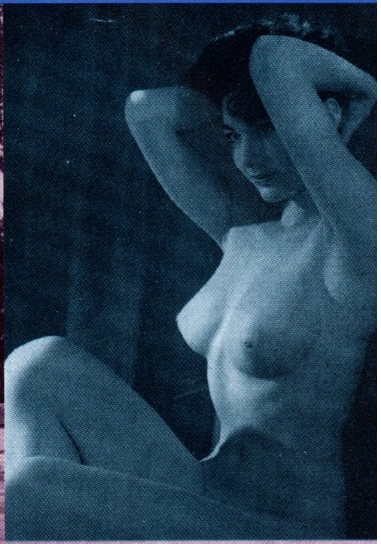
Another satisfied customer!

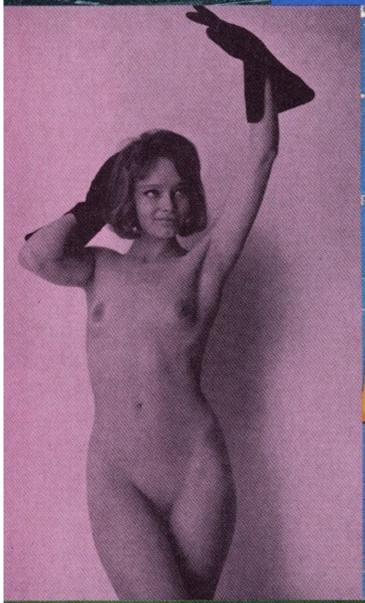
With all this going on it's little wonder that when the Ed offered me his article I had to tell him I hadn't the time to give him one. I can only spread myself so far!

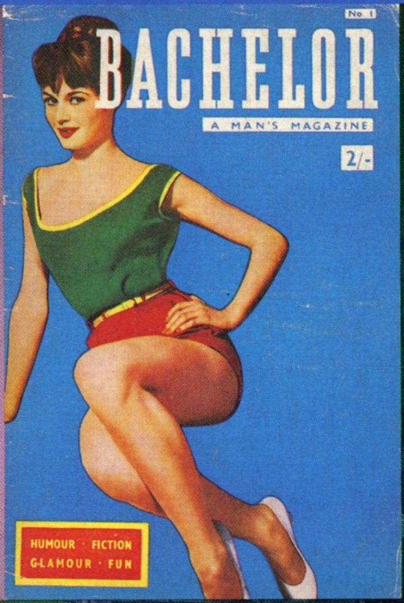
WELL IT WAS THERE LAST NIGHT...



Glamour mags were very different in the days BC (Before Cunny) when anything and evrything between the thighs was painted out, as these Fifties shots show, or rather, don't. Many men didn't even know the mythical muff existed until they came eye-to-thigh with one in the flesh! It seems that sweets weren't the only things on ration to "bachelors" after the war.



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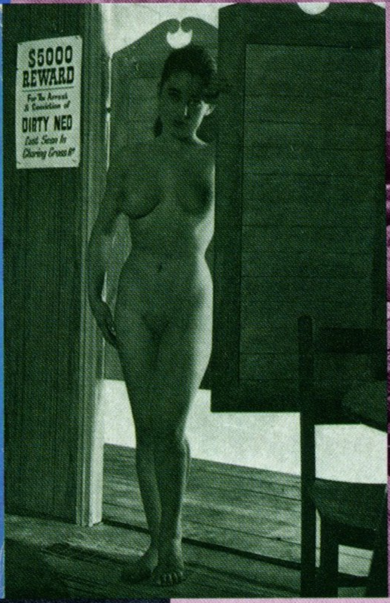
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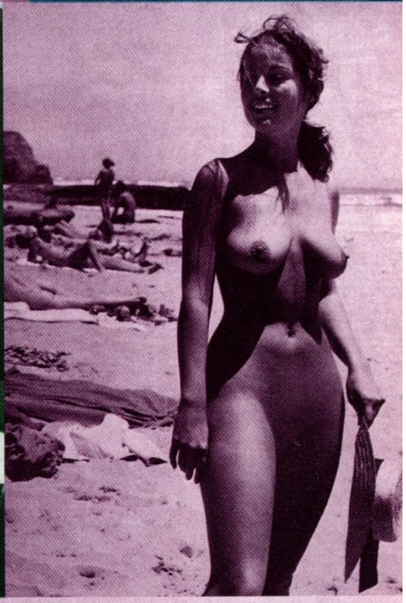
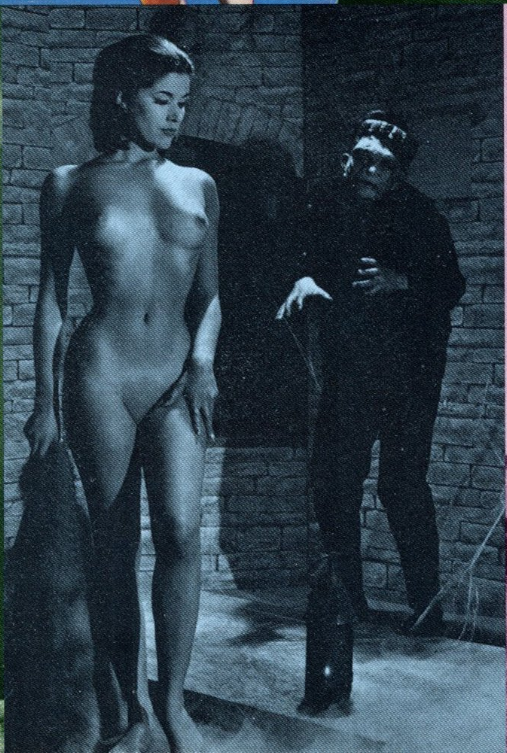
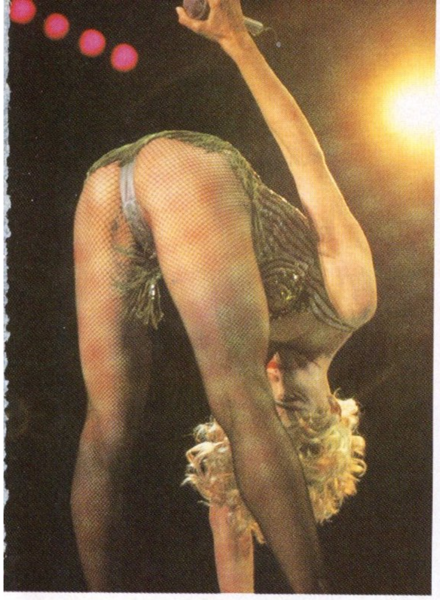
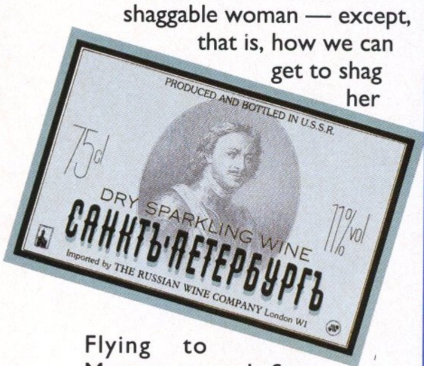






Ogling over *Madonna: the Style Book* to find out everything about the world's most shaggable woman — except, that is, how we can get to shag her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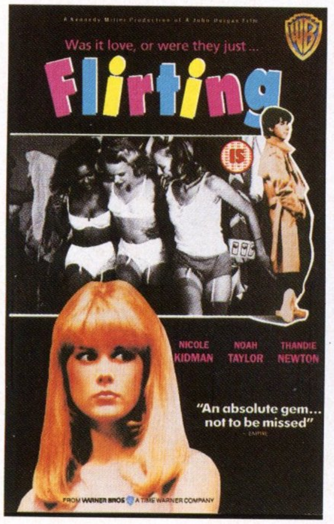
DRY SPARKLING WINE
11% vol
САНКТЪ-ПЕТЕРБУРГЪ
Imported by THE RUSSIAN WINE COMPANY London W1

Flying to Moscow to guzzle *St Petersburg* Russian wine only to find that it's now available here — then having to queue up for three days to go to the toilet

Getting *The Guiness Book of Pub Games* to learn the complexities of Dutch Shuffleboard in case you get board with having fun down the local

Seeing *Flirting* on Warner video 'cause it's a good film. So there!


Was it love, or were they just...
Flirting
NICOLE KIDMAN
NOAH TAYLOR
THANDIE NEWTON
"An absolute gem... not to be missed"
EMPIRE
FROM WARNER BROS A TIME WARNER COMPANY

MURDER WE WROTE

*Mayfair's criminal writer **Butler Dunnett** presents another detective series, featuring all your Saturday night favourites...*

Episode One: The Roof Rendering Mysteries

For once, all was peaceful in the small Cornsetshire village of Amurder Nightly (population variable). Most of its residents were in the parish church of St Simon the Templar's listening to the Rev Green give his sermon. It had been a quiet week — just the three unexplained murders, one suicide and the strange disappearance of Miss Scarlett's vibrator to solve — and the inhabitants, largely professional, ex-professional or amateur detectives, were getting restless.

The village's oldest resident, spare-time sleuth Miss Inga Marbles, was seated in the front row next to Lord Peter Flimsy and Banter, his butler. Ex-Inspector Wrectum sat behind talking to one-time Jersey cop Jim Buggerthat, whilst taking up a pew of his own was unemployed Belgian mastermind Hercules Girot. His French counterpart, Migraine, an inspector from the Amurder Nightly's twin town Clu d'eau, sat at the back playing with his huge pipe. Inspector Morose and his geordie sidekick Lewisham were, as usual, in the pub.

The Reverend had just reached the main point of his sermon "Thou shalt not kill — unless you can get a four-part mini series out of it" when there was an almighty crash. Heavy masonry fell from on high and landed with pinpoint accuracy on the vicar, crushing him. At once, the detectives rushed to help the Reverend.

"It's too late, he's dead," pronounced retired medico Dr Whatson, now living in a warden-assisted bungalow on the Sherlock Homes estate.

"It'll be that dashed villain, Poorbastard, stealing the lead off the bally roof again, I'll be bound," surmised Lord Peter.

"Fraid not, sire," replied Wrectum. "Poorbastard's banged up in the new maximum security wing at Anescape Monthly where the walls are made of two foot thick concrete!"

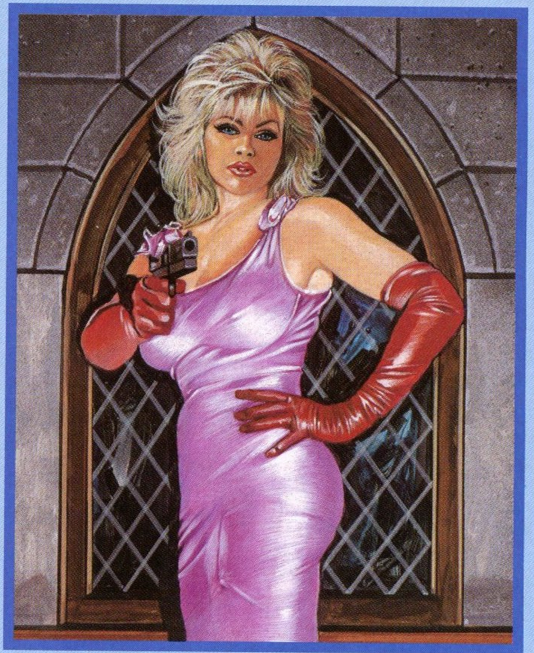
"Ah! Zee little grey cells!" commented Hercules Girot.

"And if someone had been stealing the lead, then why didn't the whole roof collapse, not just the part over the Reverend Green's head?" demanded Miss Marbles. "This was no accident. It's, it's — oh excuse me, I shall have to go to the toilet."

At that point the door burst open, and Inspector Morose and his sidekick burst in, six pints pissed, from the pub next door.

"What's all the fucking row about? Burrrp!" bellowed Morose. "Shit, there's a fire!"

"Nah, inspector," replied Lewisham. "Tha's just tha froggy fella Migraine's pipe. Ah reckon the roof's fallen in meesen."



"Quite right, Lewisham, I'll make a detective of you yet! Let's have another couple of pints and then come back and examine the evidence."

"Canny idea, boss."

Miss Marbles emerged from the toilet.

"I'm sorry, it's this draughty church," she said, her brogues making a squishing sound as she moved. "Now, where was I?"

"You were saying 'This is no accident. It's, it's'. Miss Marbles," said Lord Peter helpfully.

"Oh really, I wonder what I was going to say after that. It's completely slipped my mind. Oh well."

"Murder, perhaps?" suggested Wrectum.

"Oh dear, do you really think so, Inspector?" asked the septuagenarian sleuth. "Oh dearie me. You could be right."

Next door in The Dead Lion, Morse and Lewisham were now well into their eighth.

"Ah reckon tha church roof musta faalen in and killed the vikka, like," Lewisham mused.

"You mustn't jump to conclusions, Lewisham."

"But don't ya remember? Only half an ooor ago, that fella in the pub said he were ganning up ont church to loosen slates so the whole lot would fall on Green cos he wouldnea let his dotta get married there, like?"

"I don't like it. It's too obvious, Lewisham. This needs a little more thought," said Morose, ordering yet another pint of Owld Bowel Mover.

"Besides, if they sell one more packet of nuts, we'll get to see the tits of the model on the KP display."

"Way-aye, you're reet as usual, boss."

Back in the church, the detectives had decided on their course of action.

"Miss Marbles, you search for clues here, Wrectum look on the roof, Migraine and Girot interview the rest of the congregation," ordered Buggerthat. "I'm going to roar around the country lanes at 90mph for no good reason in a vintage sports car with Jersey plates hoping my toupee doesn't come off."

"Not so fast, Jim!"

The voice came from a sumptuous blonde pointing a pearl-handled revolver at the 'tec tax exile. She licked her lips.

"One false move and I'll blow your head off! I've got the best oral technique in Cornsetshire, and I'm not afraid to use it."

"Oh dear, I think I need the toilet again," said Miss Marbles.

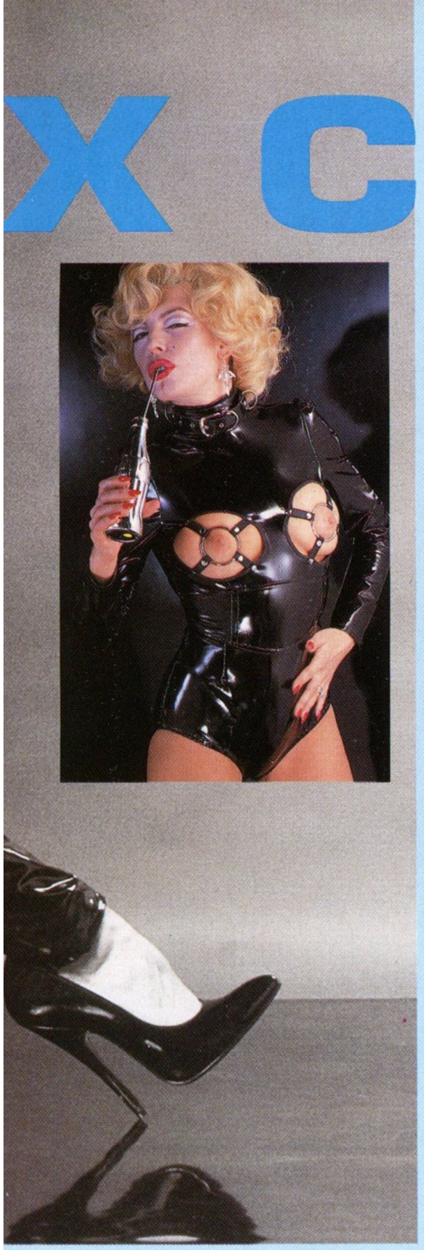
Who killed the Reverend Green? Was it the strange man in the pub and will Morose sober up in time to catch him?

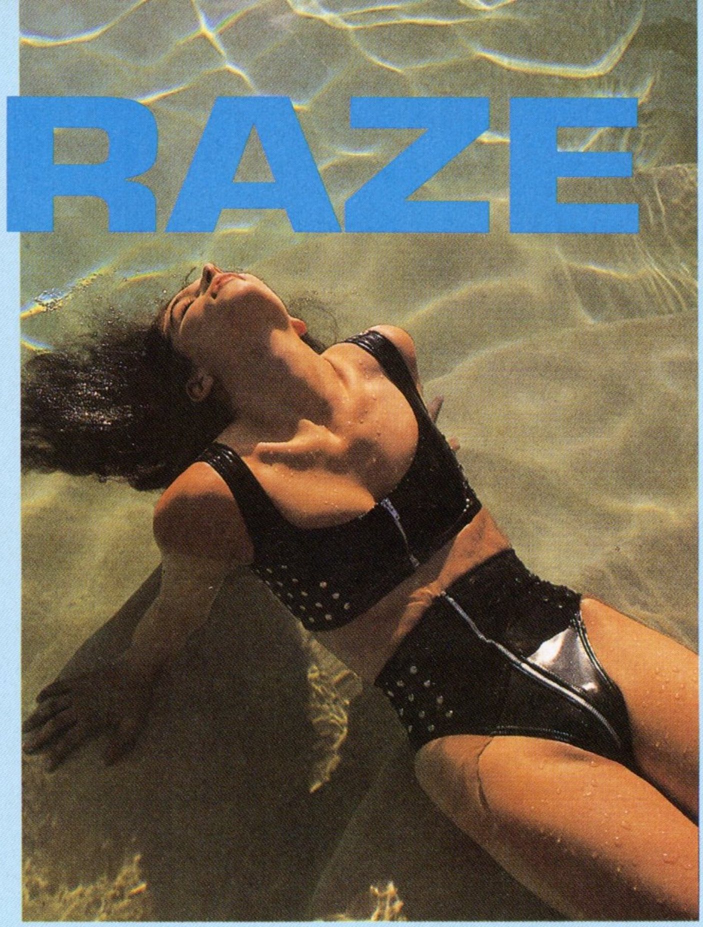
Or will the beautiful blonde give Jim Buggerthat the blow-job this story so desperately needs to make it worth reading?

Find out in next month's Murder We Wrote.

Illustrated by Mike Francis

X CRAZE





clothing. At the less astronomical end of the market Kim West include a complete wardrobe in latex including dresses, skirts and trousers. What's more Kim doesn't apply the Henry Ford principle to her clothes unlike many rubber designers. As well as black many Kim West outfits come in red, pink, and silver. They are available from *Skin Two*'s showroom in Kensal Road, London W10.

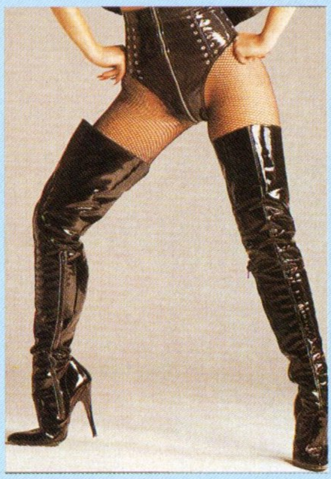
Rather more expensive is *Ectomorph*'s gear. Whilst the designs themselves may appear similar their prices are considerably higher. An *Ectomorph* latex catsuit will cost around £147. However some of their outfits are stunning. Their mermaid dress, a long-sleeved creation that hugs her figure in glossy rubber from neck to calf then splays out into a fish-tail is guaranteed to cause a stir. And at £190, perhaps it should.

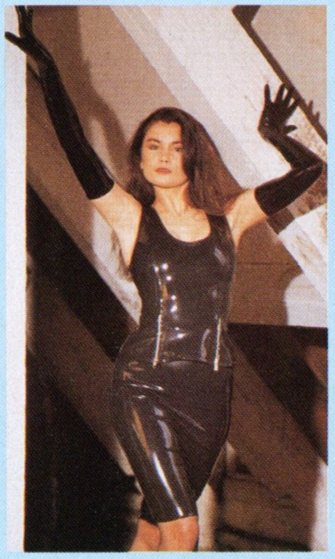
Both Kim West and *Ectomorph* also offer outfits for those men with bodies to wear them. An *Ectomorph* rubber biker jacket will set you back around £266, so they're not exactly the outfits to slob around the house in.

"Caring for your rubber is a problem," Debbie says. "You mustn't expose it to bright sunlight and have to shine it with non-aerosol silicon polish. I get my guy to rub my catsuit — while I'm wearing it, of course!" These problems are partly why *Wild Designs* specialise in PU-coated fabric. Shinier and less smelly, it's cheaper and machine washable too!

At the very top end of the market of the rubber band are companies like *Modern Armour* (Letchworth, Herts). Their hand-made range includes a biker jacket at £365. Even a pair of cycling shorts are nearly £70, but at £100 for a pair of named trainers, is that really so remarkable?

What is remarkable is the rise of rubberwear from its lowly beginning to its almost pretentious role today. At least one rubberwear photographer has said no to his photos appearing in this feature as he thought *Mayfair* the wrong sort of magazine for his work. *Skin Two* magazine and its products are regularly courted by the likes of *The Late Show* and Channel Four. To quote one interviewee obviously high on rubber fumes, "To don the second skin is to adopt an alternate persona." We wouldn't go as far as that. All we would say, and trendy photographers can berate all they like, is that it looks bloody terrific.





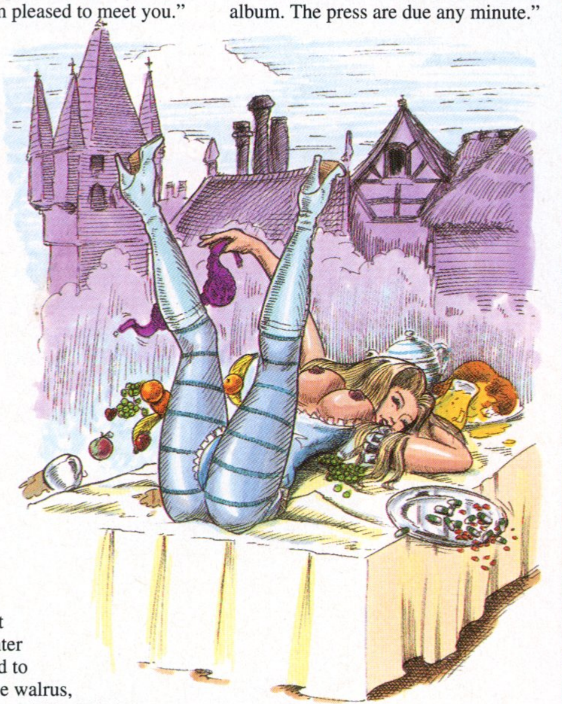
CHAPTER FOUR

Hurrying along as fast as her black-legged stockinged legs would carry her, Alice happened upon a rather knackered animal crying by the roadside.

"Oh, poor creature!" said she laying a scarlet-nailed hand on its shell. "Can I help you?"

"Oh, noooo," wailed the reptile. "It's too late now!"

"Pardon me, but I'm forgetting my manners," interupted Alice. "My name is Alice, and I'm pleased to meet you."



"And I'm the Fucked Turtle!" sobbed the ancient reptile holding out an emaciated flipper. "I used to be big around these parts," he added, pointing to his groin.

"I'm very impressed, I'm sure," countered Alice. "So what happened?"

"I grew old. The Gryphon fucked off for someone younger. The papers found out about the carpenter and what he used to get up to with the walrus, then the lobster quadrille failed to catch on in the discos, I lost millions. So I got together with three fellow amphibians to form a group. *The Mutant Wingeing Turtles*.

"It was quite successful for a time, but the kids grew tired of it. Now I'm nobody. A washed-up turtle."

"You're never too old," said Alice. "Why don't you come to the orgy?"

"Oh God, no!" sniffed the Fucked Turtle. "I appreciate the thought. Just leave me here. The orgy's up the road. You youngsters will love it. Bye, girl."

"Oh, goodbye, sir," curtseyed Alice, and went on her way.

"Hmmm, nice pair of nawks on her, mind," mumbled the Fucked Turtle.

CHAPTER FIVE

"No room! No room!" cried the Mad Twatter as Alice approached a table laid out with food, drinks and drugs of every colour she could imagine.

"Why there's plenty of room!" chided Alice taking a seat not far from the Twatter, who closely resembled a rock star she'd once had a crush on.

"Have some *Grolsch*!" he said.

"There isn't any," said Alice timidly.

"Tough titties!" he laughed.

"How uncivil," thought Alice, unaware the Twatter was pissed.

"Nice tits, darling, let's cop a feel!" continued the Twatter groping for her beautiful new breasts. "Come on, love, get 'em off!"

At that point, an even drunker ex-punk rocker appeared from under the table.

"Oy, big tits, have you met my outrageous best mate Crotch Hair?" said Twatter. "He's mad and all, y'know."

Crotch Hair burped a welcome.

"Here, where's the dormouse?" demanded Twatter suddenly.

Crotch Hair smiled and wiggled his bottom.

"You fucking haven't, you bastard!"

"I was told this was an orgy. There seems to be an awful lot of refreshment for two people," commented Alice, quickly changing the subject and knocking back a large pina colada.

"Yes, well, it's the launch of our latest album. The press are due any minute."

"He's been saying that for fucking years, man," said Crotch Hair, a bottle of vodka going down his neck.

"No, they'll come, they'll come," said Twatter. "Meanwhile, darlin', how do you fancy it? I haven't shagged in ages."

At that point, Crotch Hair ripped off his bondage trousers to reveal a bulging white posing pouch that seemed strangely familiar. The Twatter in turn removed his shaving-mirrored top hat, lame shirt and baggies. The prodigious erection that sprung from his tiny pants was everything she'd dreamed of. Knocking back a tequila sunrise, she started undoing her dress, snapped off her bra and lay on the table.

"Come and get me, lads!" she cried.

And with that, the two aging rockers slid their hands over Alice's breasts.

"Curiouser and... oooooh!" panted Alice, as she began to feel a big cock slide inside her fanny. Her whole body rocked from side to side.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she yelped, as her rabbit hole was filled completely. Her body continued to rock and rock and...

"Alice, for God's sake, wake up!"

She opened her eyes to find she was being shaken hard by her sister.

"Why, Alice you must have been having the most amazing dream. I could hear you moaning from the house."

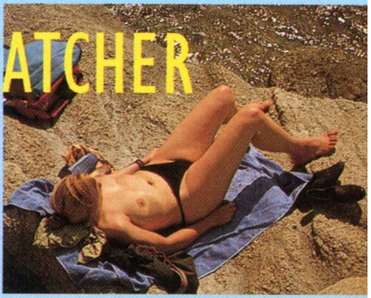
Alice blushed.

"Now hurry along. It's time for tea, and guess who's come to see you after all these years? It's nice Rev Dodson. You know, he's rather fond of you..."

"Oh, shit!" thought Alice.

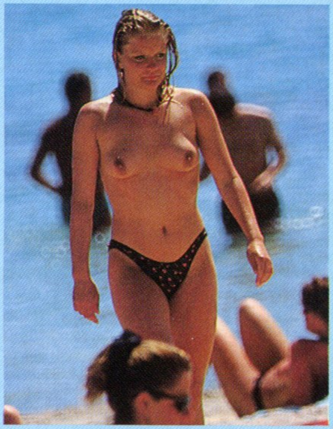
NUDE BAYWATCHER

More sunny sex with our sand-assholes...



From their tower overlooking the sun-bathing beauties on Penis Beach, home of the surfers and their board ladies, Knoby and Minge were keeping watch.

"Woooo, Knoby, look at the ass on that blonde!" cried Minge, his binoculars trained on the tightest tush this side of *Beverly Hills 90210*. He handed the binns to his partner.



"Jeeeez!" exclaimed Knoby. "We must go and rescue her."

"But she's not in trouble!"

"Prevention is better than cure!" explained Minge, as he rushed to give the buttocks a helping hand.

"Hey, lady, your bottom needs protection. It's okay, I'll cover you as far as the shore," whispered the Baywatcher, placing his hands on the firm orbs of her arse.

"Fuck off, creep!" she cried.

"Just doing my job, lady," Minge insisted.

Back at the tower, Knoby had spotted another damsel in distress.

"Look at that badly oiled seabird struggling to stand up!" he convinced himself as he watched a brunette slick with sun tan lotion rolling over to tan her bare boobs.

Running as fast as his grotesquely overdeveloped thighs and less spectacular erection would carry him, he reached the reclining brunette, threw a bucket of cold soapy water over her, and started massaging her breasts. The 'seabird' screamed.

"It's okay, I'll soon get all that nasty oil off," he insisted, trying to avoid her flailing fists. "You can't swim covered in that, it clogs up your... plumage."

"What the fuck are you talking about? Clint, do my front, wouldya?"

Pausing only to crack a few brazil nuts with his eyelids, Clint sidled up to his enraged girlfriend.

"Only trying to help, Miss," Knoby muttered.

Half an hour later, the bollock-brained beach boys spotted their third rescue. A large-breasted bimbo was surrounded by men trying to sell her cans of warm *Coke* at five bucks a time.

"Shit!" cried Knoby peering through his field glasses. "That gal's being attacked by sharks! She could lose an arm and a leg!"

He aimed his harpoon-gun at the beach vendor and fired. Fortunately, the javelin missed and burst the Big Banana used to give kids a ride on the surf.

"That's scared 'em, Minge. Now you get the women off the beach and back to our place, whilst I give her mouth-to-muff resuscitation!"

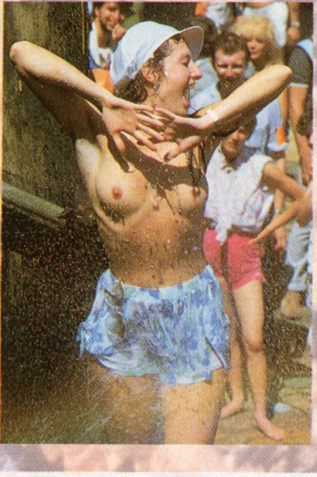
More adventures of our sandy shit-for-brains next month.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

ROCK CHICKS

Once girls took their knickers off before they hurled them onstage at their idol's thrusting packet. Our music man at large, Mel Rose finds that these days the breast entertainment at a rock concert is the crowd...

Ever thought that rock stars have it easy? Well you're right. They do. Easy life, easy money and best of all, easy women! Sex Pistols guitarist Steve Jones spoke for all rock stars when he confessed "I was only in it for the birds after the show". The "birds" he so poignantly alludes to are known to the trade as "rock chicks", and they're easier to get one across than *The Sun* crossword! What's more they're simpler to spot than Joan Collins in a convent.



DRESS YOU UP

The rock chick believes in dressing to please, and that means wearing less to a gig than most women wear on their wedding night.

The rock chick's wardrobe consists of very few essentials. These begin with a bra that's half the size of one that fits and a pair of knickers made out of half a lace handkerchief. These are worn on the outside of a pair of fishnets, or can be complemented by a suspender belt and sheer stockings. Add dollops of make-up inversely proportional to the quantity of clothes, and your rock chick is almost ready for battle.

The final touch is shoes. Sometimes white, rarely red and most likely to be black, rock chick footwear consists of a six inch stiletto heel, a pointed toe-cap and a lengthy boot encasing ankle to thigh. "It's best if they can glimpse almost everything," one rock chick told us. "A little bit of nipple works wonders, and skimpy, semi-see-through panties never fail."

Clockwise from top: **fan-bloody-tastic; *Great White*'s Jack Russell says 'Where's the soap?'; the band share a carry-out; *Thunder* with the Thunder birds; wet, wet, wet fan.**

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN

Dressing to impress is only half the battle. Once inside the gig, the rock chick must make for the front row. There she has two methods of getting into paradise, or "backstage", as it's known to those in the know. "I do it because it's the most amazing feeling to see that famous face on top of you," says one. "You feel like the only girl who's ever been shagged."

Step one: the only way is out

Waiting for her chosen band member to wander stage front, she whips up her top to expose her boobs. Hopefully, they'll be impressive enough to send the rock star sprinting to the side of the stage, issuing a roadie with instructions to stick a backstage pass between them so he can slide his prize into the sanctuary of the dressing room.

Step two: sheer tart attack

If this two-fronted attack fails, the other method of dressing room access is less savoury and not for the faint hearted. The backstage door is generally guarded by several roadies who look and smell like brickies after a night on the piss, and a rock chick has to 'please them' first. A certain well-known band's roadcrew have been known to wear badges bearing the legend *'No blow-job, no pass'*! And one rock chick was known to have serviced an entire 20-strong roadcrew to get to meet the star of her dreams! In short, you have to be a sucker to get an even break.

Step three: the blue hotel

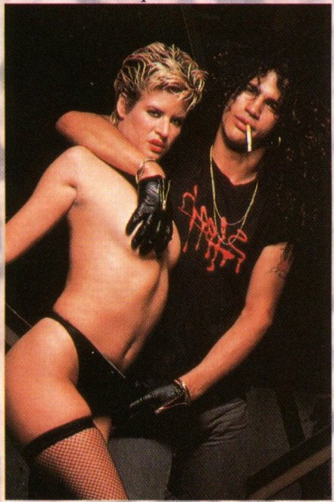
Once backstage, the rock chick's next manoeuvre is to wangle an invite back to the band's hotel, or if they've not quite made it, the ever-delightful tour bus. In her element by now, the top rock chicks can suck a football up a hosepipe and go like a sex-starved rabbit. In suite or van, it's her turn to put on the performance of her life. Be it a solo or group act, shagging the star is the closest she's gonna get to the limelight, and she mustn't disappoint her leading man. Few do. Indeed many provide more entertainment than they plan. One rock journalist, travelling with bad boy rockers *Britney Fox*, found himself impersonating a member of the band, and servicing a couple of willing volunteers over the tourbus table.

STAR MAN

The last little job of the night is to mark the rock star's performance out of ten in her little black book, and wait for the next tour to hit town. If *Billboard* ever compiled a chart based around their figures, it would be much more keenly studied than the *Network* chart!

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

Most notorious and happiest of all, is Pamela Des Barres, an LA groupie who worked her way through Jimmy Page, Jim Morrison, Keith Moon, Waylon Jennings and Captain Beefheart, and her friend, Chicago's Cynthia Plaster Caster. Cynthia's speciality, as her name suggests, was encouraging rock stars to rise to the occasion, and then setting their full member in plaster of paris, following which, her work was quite often mounted.



MY DEFINITION

Groupie: a girl who follows a band and makes herself sexually available to the players. (US slang, mid 1900s — pres.) Slang & Euphemism

TALKING HEAD

"We prefer ugly girls. They're more likely to do anything we want." — American rock group Motley Crue.

"I slept with anything that quivered." — Gene Simmons, Kiss.

"Glasgow's notorious for student nurses who go to gigs and chat up bands. This one band took a girl back to their hotel, tied her to the bed with a guitar strap and whipped her arse with guitar strings — she loved it!" — Harriet, music biz insider.

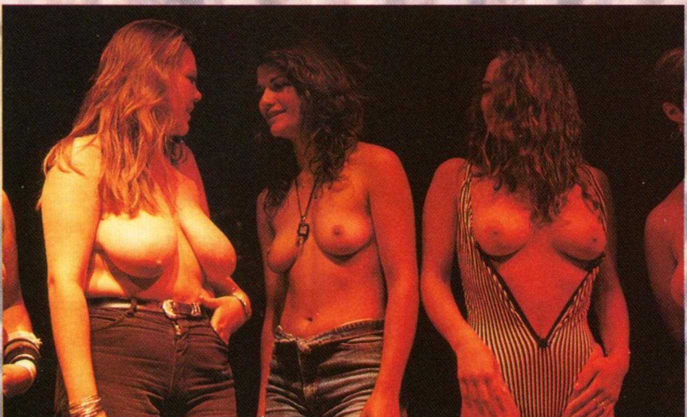
"I love groupies. They're great. Groupies are like your alter ego." — Steve Tyler, Aerosmith.

"On the road there was always one room where we'd corral a group of the most beautiful girls. After the show I'd pick the one I wanted and let the band have the rest. I was an animal." — David Cassidy.

"One guy — we got through eight condoms, eight! We used so many positions I fell off the bed three times. We shagged right through till ten in the morning and at the end of it I'm completely exhausted and lying there and going — 'God, ahhh, no more!' — and he's going — 'Yes, more, more , more, more!' That was the weirdest!" — Clare, groupie.

Yep, rock stars have it fucking easy. If I was you, I'd get my tennis racket out and start practising guitar in the bedroom mirror. Failing that, build up your muscles and B.O. and become a roadie.

***Clockwise from top: Guns n' Roses*'s Slash beds down; *The Stranglers* play on regardless; Blackie Lawless is spoilt for choice; fat bottomed girls; Slash's hands are full — again**



Mayfair Classics No. 3

Phallus in Wonderland

By Lewis Ham

When innocent Alice is transformed into a voluptuous horny vamp another sweet childhood myth bites the dust...

CHAPTER ONE

Alice was getting horny sitting by the river bank reading her sister's Jackie Collins novel. She'd grown up rather a lot since the days when she had been pestered by a pervy priest called Dodson, and was desperate to find a man who'd do more than write twee books about her. Tired and desperately frustrated, she put the paperback down.

"What is the use of an erotic book," thought Alice, "without pictures or photographs?" She was just about to fall asleep (for the day was nearly as hot as she was) when she noticed a well-endowed man wearing a waistcoat and bulging white briefs scurry past.

"I'm late, I'm late!" muttered the White Packet taking a pocket watch from his posing pouch, then disappearing down a rabbit hole.

"How curious!" thought Alice. "And what a wad!"

So saying she jumped to her feet and followed him down the hole. Down, down, down she fell.

"I wonder if I shall fall through to Australia," she mused having learned a lot of this place from her lessons. "Oh, I do hope so. That Paul Hogan is really horny. But I dare say he wouldn't fancy a girl like me. I may be eighteen, but my boobs are still small! Oh dear!"

Before she could consider any more whether the star of *Crocodile Dundee* would give her the shag she so desperately needed, she landed with a bump at the bottom of the hole with no sign of the Big White Packet she'd been so keen to find. Instead, she saw a little table on which was to be found a small bottle marked, *"Drink me!"*

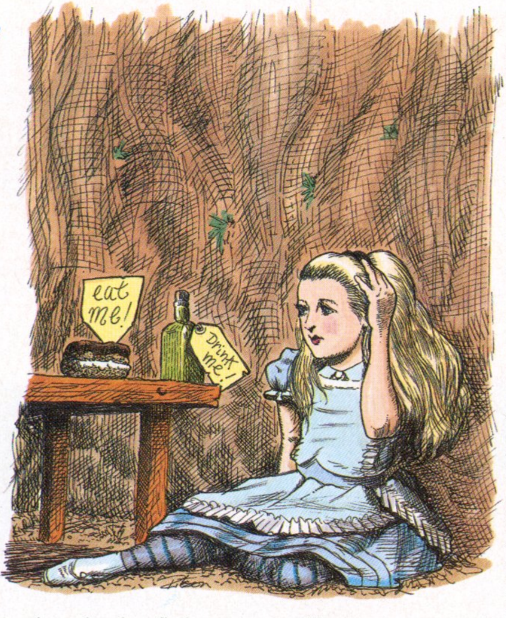
Checking first that it did not contain poison or worse still Thames tap water, she carefully opened the little glass phial and drunk it down in one.

"Oh my!" she cried, for suddenly she felt herself getting bigger — not all of her, but certain important parts. First her boobs expanded, ripping her summer dress with their size and firmness, then her bottom swelled until it too was large and firm. The innocent blue-eyed blonde had turned into a voluptuous vamp.

"Now that's more like it!" Alice enthused, admiring her new cleavage. Then she noticed a small cream cake simply labelled, *"Eat me!"*

"Oh dear, I hope that doesn't make me any bigger," Alice sighed. "One doesn't want to fall on one's fat face."

So cautiously, a nibble at a time, Alice ate the cake careful to observe the results. On this occasion, it was not her body that changed but her clothing. Her dress shrank to fit the new curves like a second skin, her socks turned to sheer stockings and her new sensible shoes grew glossy six inch stiletto heels.


eat me!
Drink me!

"Curiouser and curiouser!" thought Alice, clearly forgetting her grammar so turned on she was by her new state. "Why now surely any man would want to screw me, but I wonder where I can find one?!" Standing on her new heels for the first time, she observed a little door on which there was a sign.

"To the Mad Twatter's Tea Orgy," read Alice. "Why, I do believe that sounds just the place..." And ran through the door as fast as her taut skirt would let her.

CHAPTER TWO

Once outside, she saw no sign of an orgy. Instead she happened upon a brick wall on which sat a large pink penis.

"Oh good morning, sir," said Alice, curtseying politely to the dour-faced dong. "I'm looking for the Mad Twatter's Orgy."

"And who might you be?" barked the narked knob.

"My name is Alice," muttered Alice, suddenly shy again.

"What a stupid name. What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?"

"Of course, child. My name says something about me. I am Humping Dumpty, and that means a fuck of a lot."

"But I thought you couldn't anymore," replied Alice tartly. "Why in the nursery rhyme it says, *'Humping Dumpty fell off his walls, Humping Dumpty shattered his balls. All the King's doctors and all the King's men couldn't put his bollocks together again'.*"

"Tabloid nonsense! I'm still the biggest prick around, even if I do fire blanks these days."

"I've seen bigger than you!" exclaimed Alice. "Dildos and such. Why I've seen one in a shop that..."

"Bah! Dildos!" scoffed Dumpty, his veins standing out with anger. "Let me tell you about dildos. Would you like to hear a poem I have written about them? It's called *Rubbercocky*."

"Oh, yes!" replied Alice, her panties getting sticky at the thought.

Humping Dumpty drew himself up to his full height, his foreskin forming a pink polo neck.

"Huh-hmm, *Rubbercocky*," he began.

"T'was brillig and her slimey pubes
Did slurp and dribble in her knicks.
All flimsy was her underwear,
She wanted sex, and good and quick.
Beware the Rubber Cock, my girl,
The shaft that throbs with balls attached.
Beware the dildo, lass, and don't
Slip it in your frumious Bandersnatch!"

Humping Dumpty continued for several more verses, but Alice had heard enough of the embittered boner's views. All this talk of cocks had her even more desperate for a screw.

CHAPTER THREE

"Why, if I don't get some sexual satisfaction soon, I shall overflow like a waterfall," Alice told herself. "I could flood the valleys and do untold damage to crops and housing."

Spotting another sign to the orgy, she followed it with renewed vigour. It took her through a forest made up entirely of rubber trees bearing condoms. Suddenly there was a rustle in the bushes, and two plump men with shiny red faces appeared from the foliage.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I disturb you?" asked Alice politely.

"Contrarywise! Oh, no, dearie, don't worry about us! We were just doing a little gardening," said the one on the left adjusting his flies. "You look like a nice girl. Dolly little face, eh Twee?"

"Oooh, I should say that, Bum!"

"I'm looking for a man..." started Alice.

"Aren't we all?" replied the first and they collapsed into fits of giggles.

"Ooooh! I am sorry, lovey, but we don't vada many palones in this neck of the woods. This is more your country cottage scene, know what I mean?"

"I'm not sure I do," replied Alice puzzled.

"Never mind, dear. Let me introduce ourselves anyway. I'm Twee-little-bum, and this is my friend, Tweedledee or Tweedy for short."

"Charmed I'm sure," said Alice curtseying.

"Oooooooooh!" they chorused.

"Don't tell me, don't tell me..." said Bum. "You're a dancer, aren't you? Didn't you do the acro spesh act in Torbay summer season '73? Or are you Tanya, one of the tap-dancing triplets?"

"I've never been on the stage, I'm afraid," said Alice.

"Waste!" exclaimed Tweedy. "Legs like that, you'd be a match for Dandini — and we could be the Uglies!"

"Perhaps, but could you tell me if I'm going the right way for the Orgy only my fanny will explode if I don't get a move on!"

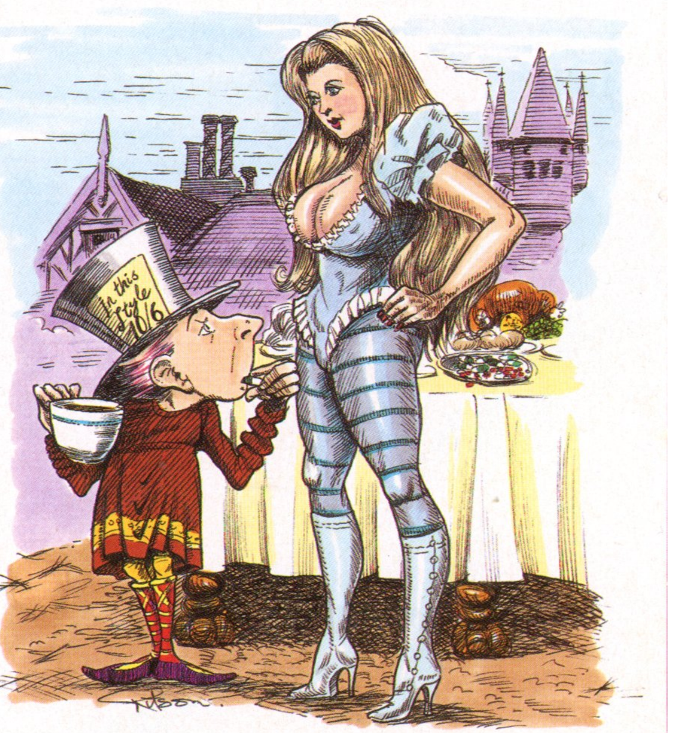
"Well, we wouldn't know about that sort of thing," said Bum sulkily. "I believe there's some sort of straight do going on up there. But if you change your mind and fancy giving two naughty boys a good spanking instead..."

Suddenly there was a roar from deep inside the forest!

"Off with their bollocks!"

"Oh, no, it's the Head Queen!" cried Twee-little-bum as he looked around to see a vast man in drag approaching from beyond a public toilet. "He reckons that's his cottage. Must go now. Bye!"

Totally baffled, and still no nearer filling her fanny, Alice followed the path out the other side of the wood.



Illustrated by Ritson with aknowledgements to Tenniel

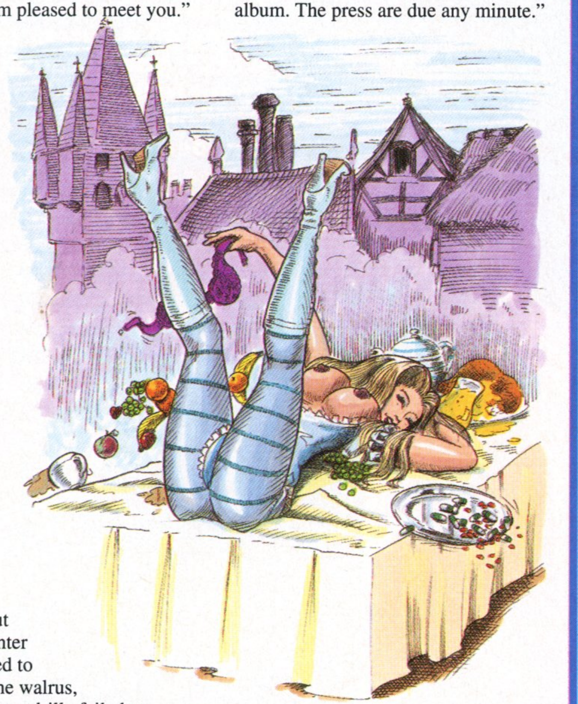
CHAPTER FOUR

Hurrying along as fast as her black-legged stockinged legs would carry her, Alice happened upon a rather knackered animal crying by the roadside.

"Oh, poor creature!" said she laying a scarlet-nailed hand on its shell. "Can I help you?"

"Oh, noooo," wailed the reptile. "It's too late now!"

"Pardon me, but I'm forgetting my manners," interupted Alice. "My name is Alice, and I'm pleased to meet you."



"And I'm the Fucked Turtle!" sobbed the ancient reptile holding out an emaciated flipper. "I used to be big around these parts," he added, pointing to his groin.

"I'm very impressed, I'm sure," countered Alice. "So what happened?"

"I grew old. The Gryphon fucked off for someone younger. The papers found out about the carpenter and what he used to get up to with the walrus, then the lobster quadrille failed to catch on in the discos, I lost millions. So I got together with three fellow amphibians to form a group. *The Mutant Wingeing Turtles*.

"It was quite successful for a time, but the kids grew tired of it. Now I'm nobody. A washed-up turtle."

"You're never too old," said Alice. "Why don't you come to the orgy?"

"Oh God, no!" sniffed the Fucked Turtle. "I appreciate the thought. Just leave me here. The orgy's up the road. You youngsters will love it. Bye, girl."

"Oh, goodbye, sir," curtseyed Alice, and went on her way.

"Hmmm, nice pair of nawks on her, mind," mumbled the Fucked Turtle.

CHAPTER FIVE

"No room! No room!" cried the Mad Twatter as Alice approached a table laid out with food, drinks and drugs of every colour she could imagine.

"Why there's plenty of room!" chided Alice taking a seat not far from the Twatter, who closely resembled a rock star she'd once had a crush on.

"Have some *Grolsch*!" he said.

"There isn't any," said Alice timidly.

"Tough titties!" he laughed.

"How uncivil," thought Alice, unaware the Twatter was pissed.

"Nice tits, darling, let's cop a feel!" continued the Twatter groping for her beautiful new breasts. "Come on, love, get 'em off!"

At that point, an even drunker ex-punk rocker appeared from under the table.

"Oy, big tits, have you met my outrageous best mate Crotch Hair?" said Twatter. "He's mad and all, y'know."

Crotch Hair burped a welcome.

"Here, where's the dormouse?" demanded Twatter suddenly.

Crotch Hair smiled and wiggled his bottom.

"You fucking haven't, you bastard!"

"I was told this was an orgy. There seems to be an awful lot of refreshment for two people," commented Alice, quickly changing the subject and knocking back a large pina colada.

"Yes, well, it's the launch of our latest album. The press are due any minute."

"He's been saying that for fucking years, man," said Crotch Hair, a bottle of vodka going down his neck.

"No, they'll come, they'll come," said Twatter. "Meanwhile, darlin', how do you fancy it? I haven't shagged in ages."

At that point, Crotch Hair ripped off his bondage trousers to reveal a bulging white posing pouch that seemed strangely familiar. The Twatter in turn removed his shaving-mirrored top hat, lame shirt and baggies. The prodigious erection that sprung from his tiny pants was everything she'd dreamed of. Knocking back a tequila sunrise, she started undoing her dress, snapped off her bra and lay on the table.

"Come and get me, lads!" she cried.

And with that, the two aging rockers slid their hands over Alice's breasts.

"Curiouser and... oooooh!" panted Alice, as she began to feel a big cock slide inside her fanny. Her whole body rocked from side to side.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she yelped, as her rabbit hole was filled completely. Her body continued to rock and rock and...

"Alice, for God's sake, wake up!"

She opened her eyes to find she was being shaken hard by her sister.

"Why, Alice you must have been having the most amazing dream. I could hear you moaning from the house."

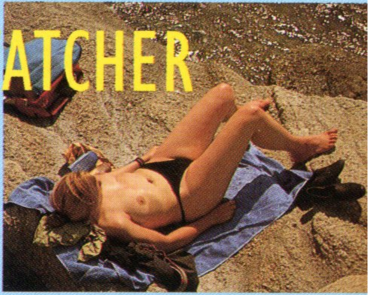
Alice blushed.

"Now hurry along. It's time for tea, and guess who's come to see you after all these years? It's nice Rev Dodson. You know, he's rather fond of you..."

"Oh, shit!" thought Alice.

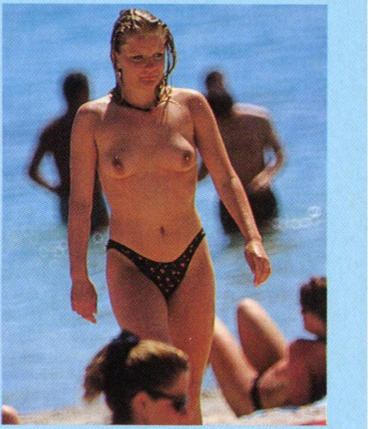
NUDE BAYWATCHER

More sunny sex with our sand-assholes...



From their tower overlooking the sun-bathing beauties on Penis Beach, home of the surfers and their board ladies, Knoby and Minge were keeping watch.

"Woooo, Knoby, look at the ass on that blonde!" cried Minge, his binoculars trained on the tightest tush this side of *Beverly Hills 90210*. He handed the binns to his partner.



"Jeeeez!" exclaimed Knoby. "We must go and rescue her."

"But she's not in trouble!"

"Prevention is better than cure!" explained Minge, as he rushed to give the buttocks a helping hand.

"Hey, lady, your bottom needs protection. It's okay, I'll cover you as far as the shore," whispered the Baywatcher, placing his hands on the firm orbs of her arse.

"Fuck off, creep!" she cried.

"Just doing my job, lady," Minge insisted.

Back at the tower, Knoby had spotted another damsel in distress.

"Look at that badly oiled seabird struggling to stand up!" he convinced himself as he watched a brunette slick with sun tan lotion rolling over to tan her bare boobs.

Running as fast as his grotesquely overdeveloped thighs and less spectacular erection would carry him, he reached the reclining brunette, threw a bucket of cold soapy water over her, and started massaging her breasts. The 'seabird' screamed.

"It's okay, I'll soon get all that nasty oil off," he insisted, trying to avoid her flailing fists. "You can't swim covered in that, it clogs up your... plumage."

"What the fuck are you talking about? Clint, do my front, wouldya?"

Pausing only to crack a few brazil nuts with his eyelids, Clint sidled up to his enraged girlfriend.

"Only trying to help, Miss," Knoby muttered.

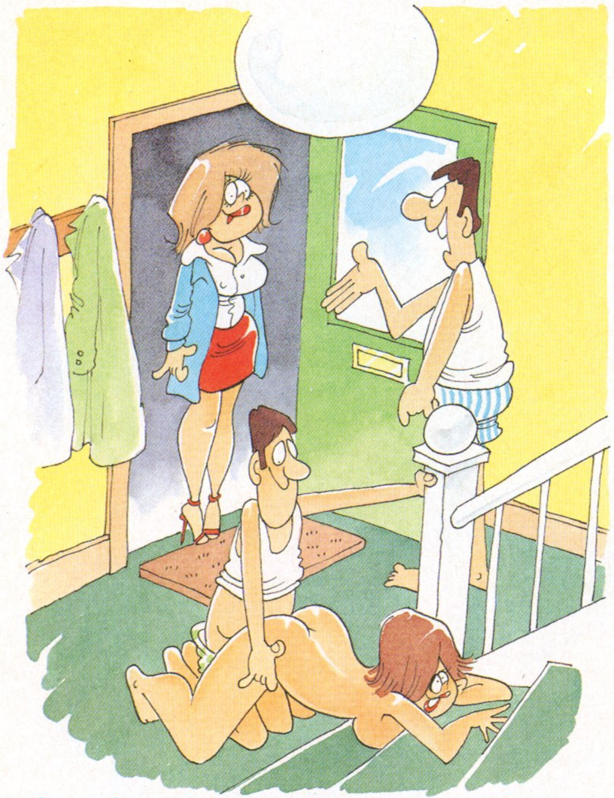
Half an hour later, the bollock-brained beach boys spotted their third rescue. A large-breasted bimbo was surrounded by men trying to sell her cans of warm *Coke* at five bucks a time.

"Shit!" cried Knoby peering through his field glasses. "That gal's being attacked by sharks! She could lose an arm and a leg!"

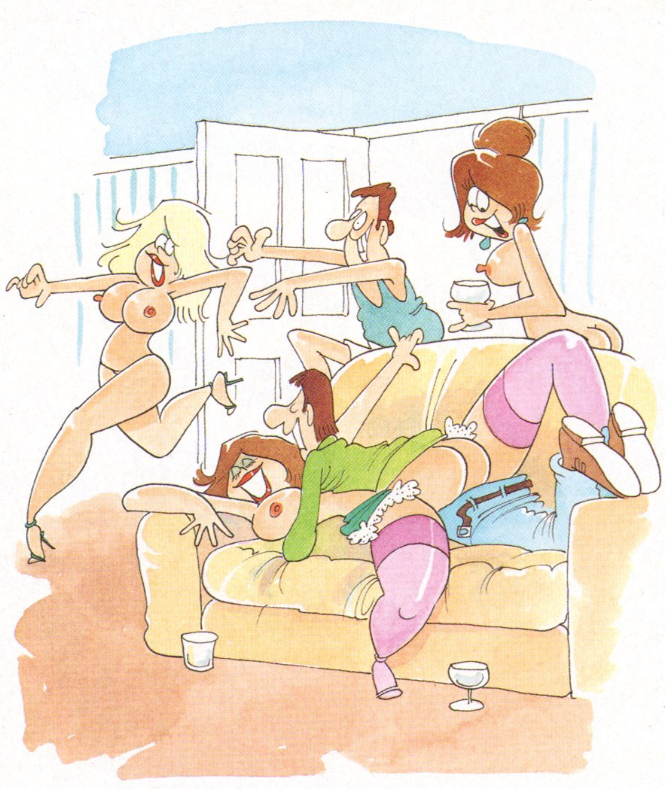
He aimed his harpoon-gun at the beach vendor and fired. Fortunately, the javelin missed and burst the Big Banana used to give kids a ride on the surf.

"That's scared 'em, Minge. Now you get the women off the beach and back to our place, whilst I give her mouth-to-muff resuscitation!"

More adventures of our sandy shit-for-brains next month.



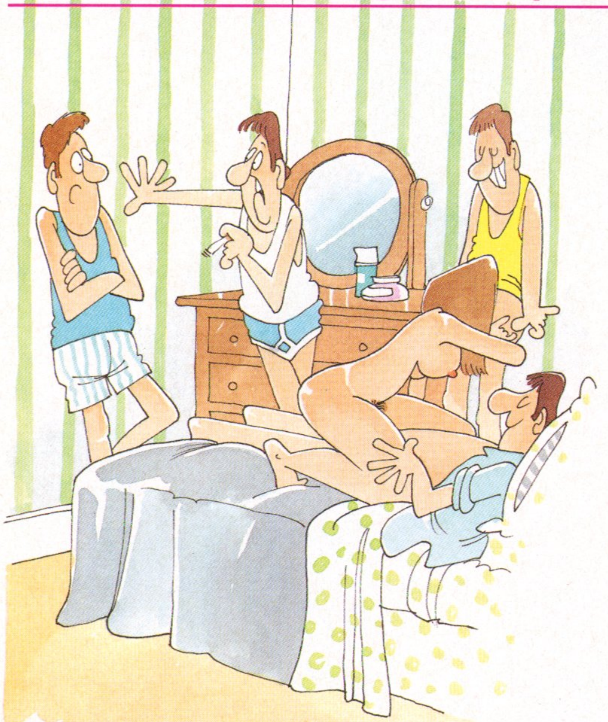
Come in — let me take your coat, blouse, skirt, stockings, bra and panties...



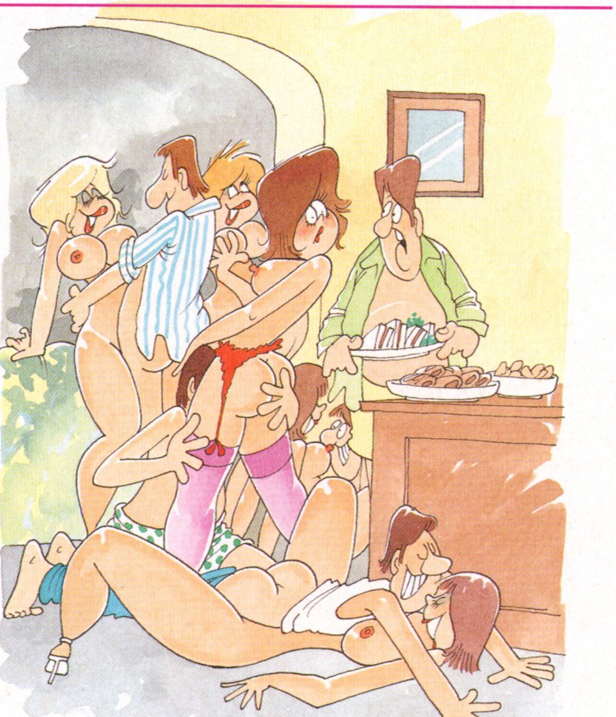
Ah! I see you've already been introduced.

PARTY POPPERS

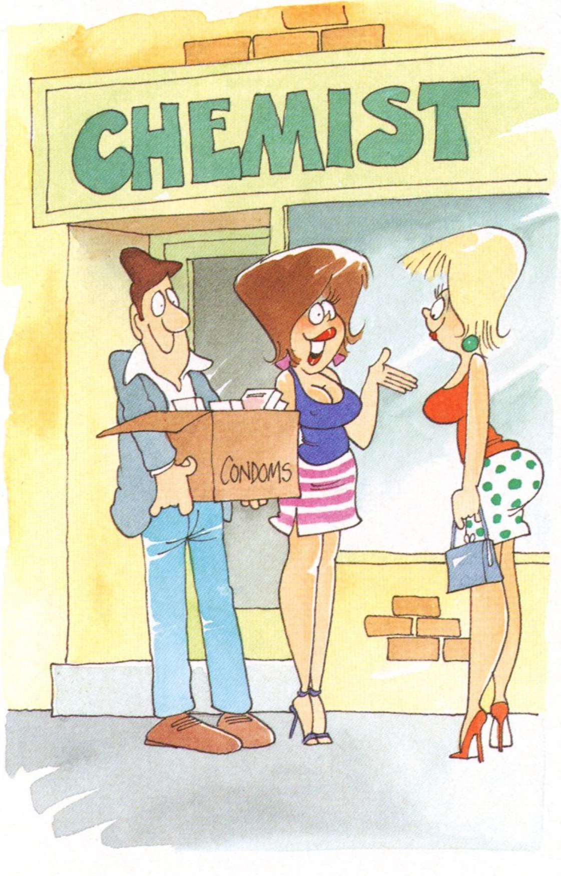
Light conversation, a couple of drinks and a good hard shag; cartoonist Anthony finds orgies are just the place for making nude friends...



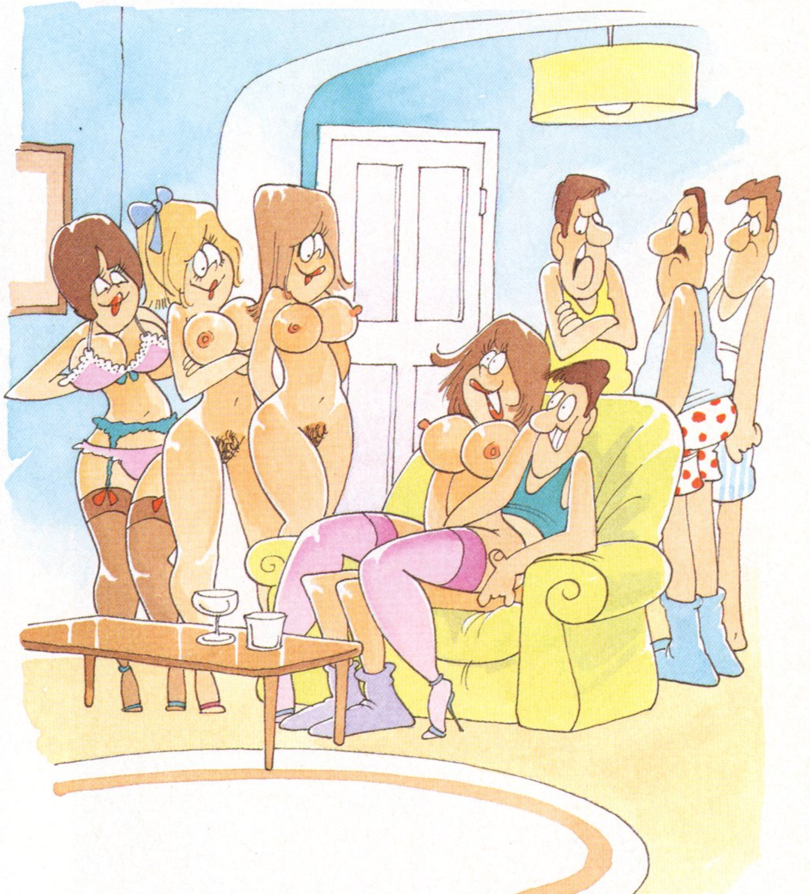
I can't help thinking it would have been better if there had been more women.



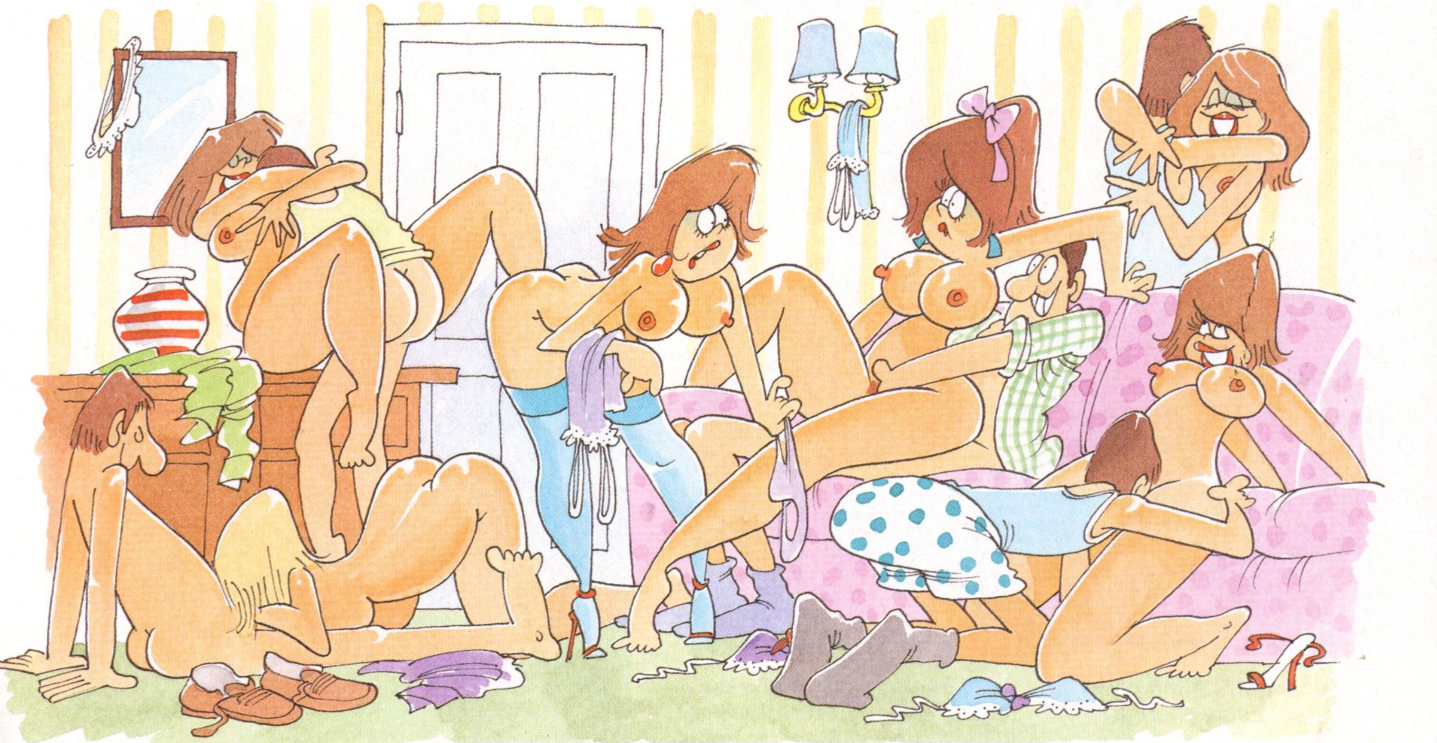
Nobody's touched the food... D'you think I should pass round the sandwiches?



We've just been getting a few things in for tonight's party.



I wouldn't have invited him if I'd known he'd got 10 inches.



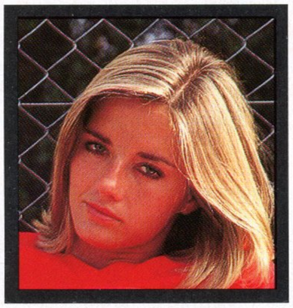
This is the bit I hate... Searching for my clothes afterwards.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Orgies — a word which conjures up images of the most outrageous sexual encounters known to man. This month Quest talks to three women about their different ideas and experiences of orgies where group sex is rife and anything goes.

PERSONAL FILE
Name...
Mrs A
Age... 27
Sex...
Female
Town of origin...
Weymouth
Other details... This shapely blonde housewife has an open marriage with her husband, and they regularly indulge in group sex sessions with a particular group of like-minded friends.



Quest: How long have you been involved in the orgy scene in your area?

Mrs A: That makes it sound as if Weymouth is a bit of a centre of depravity or something! That's really not the case. In fact, in our local area we find it very difficult to discover people with the same sexual ideas as we have, so we generally stick to the same group of friends that we've been involved with for the last three years.

My husband Will and I have always had an open relationship, and our sex life has lost none of the spice that we have developed over the four years we've been married. We can request anything from each other sexually and the other partner is never shocked, just turned on and happy that we can be so free and easy. I'll never forget the first time that Will suggested we should organise an evening of group sex. We were leafing through some of our sex magazines and we came across a story that really turned us on, and Will asked me if I'd read it out loud to him.

The story was from a couple who had really enjoyed their first experience of group sex. They told how the husband had a huge hard-on from seeing his wife get licked out by two of his friends, and then watching as they fucked her cunt one by one. Then in turn, she loved seeing him being seduced by a couple of her sexiest friends, with them sinking right down onto his hard cock.

While I was reading this story out, I could tell that Will was getting really excited. His breathing was heavy and panting, and when I looked up from the magazine he had his cock in his hand, wanking it up and down hard. He was looking right into my eyes and I couldn't take my gaze off him. I reached down to my cunt and splayed my pussy lips, dipping a finger into my thick, creamy juices and then really frigging myself hard. We both masturbated to a climax and Will sprayed me with his spunk, which I eagerly licked off my stomach and boobs.

It was then that Will suggested that we ought to try out this group sex thing. He said he knew of a guy at work who was involved with orgies, and regularly organised them at the house he shared with both his wife and his lover. It was only a matter of weeks later that we attended our first one.

Quest: Tell us what it was like.

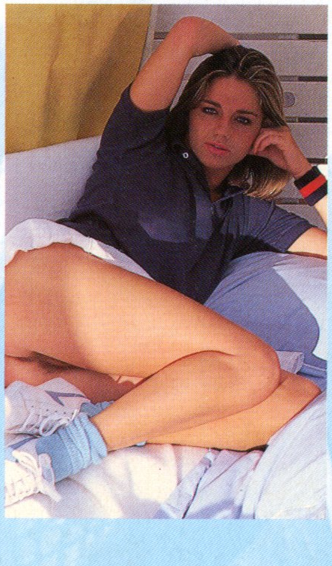
Mrs A: Well, to be honest I didn't know what to expect at all. I was very nervous on the evening that we'd arranged to go round to Denis and Carmel's flat, but Will reassured me that it would all be for my own pleasure, and I couldn't help but be aroused at the idea of another man — or woman — fondling me and fucking my sopping pussy. It was something I'd often fantasized about but never thought I'd actually do.

Carmel, who's a very tall and well-built black girl, opened the door to us, and I gasped when I saw her. She was wearing all this really kinky gear; fetish heels, seamed black stockings, crotchless red panties and one of those bras with peepholes cut into the front so that the nipples are totally exposed.

As soon as we got inside the room Carmel and Denis introduced us to the three other participants, who were all friends of theirs, and Carmel suggested that we strip.

"We just want you to feel comfortable with all of us," she smiled as her hands gently pulled off my clothes. Gradually Carmel's fingers started to stroke and fondle me, instead of just being there to undress me, and I felt them inching down towards my snatch. I stood there inside this circle of people, opening my thighs so that Carmel could slip her fingers inside me and start to frig me.

"Touch me, someone — suck my boobs!" I whispered, desperate for other hands and tongues to touch me. Carmel replaced her fingers with her mouth as Denis took one boob between his teeth and nibbled, and Will did the same with the other. One of the other women there, Trudi, came up behind me and pressed against my back, so that I could feel the jut of her stiff nipples on my skin and her pubes rubbing my bare bum. Someone was breathing really hard and I realised that it was me, I was so aroused!



"I couldn't help but be aroused at the idea of another man — or woman — fucking my pussy"

Somehow I was manoeuvred onto the floor on my back, Carmel's tongue still diving deep into my cunt, and I moaned that I needed to be filled up with cock-meat, and quickly!

I watched in a haze of sexual frenzy as my legs were held apart by the two other guys, whose names I never even discovered, while Denis hovered between them, everyone watching to see what he'd do.

"Fuck me," I told him. "It's what I want — and Will wants it too, don't you darling?"

Will was so aroused that he couldn't even speak. Instead he watched, his tongue hanging out, and the next moment I was groaning with lust as I felt Denis's fat cock sliding up inside my soaking love hole.

I was soon getting a hard, fast fucking and I loved every minute of it, grinding my pelvis against Denis and yelling out to him to move his thick cock from side-to-side in me as well as up and down inside me.

Opening my eyes, I was confronted by the sight of Will on his back next to me, getting a very expert blow-job from Trudi while one of the other girls straddled his face. I know how much Will loves the taste of pussy juice, so when I caught sight of his tongue flicking in and out of her cunt I knew that his cock was about to explode.

The thought of my husband shooting his creamy spunk inside a total stranger made me come, and I reared right up off the floor as I felt a huge orgasm engulf me. My cunt muscles gripped the cock inside me, and that sent Denis beyond the point of no return too. With a cry of pleasure he shot his load deep inside me, then a couple of fingers reached down and I could feel them scooping out the come from my pussy. When I looked up I could see that it was Carmel, greedily swallowing her husband's spunk.

Will had been driven wild by the two ladies who were attending to him, and I was able to watch as he sprayed his spunk all over the boobs and pubes of the girl who'd been sucking him off.

Oh, and in case you're wondering what happened to the other guy who was there, he seemed more than happy to just observe what was going on and spent the entire session masturbating himself where he stood.

Quest: Orgies like the one you've just described are now a regular part of your love life, aren't they?

Mrs A: Oh yes — Will and I have even hosted a few ourselves. We know what it's like to be the newcomers, so whenever there are any couples there who are what we'd call 'orgy virgins', we always try to make the session extra special. We've had no complaints so far — everyone always wants to come back for more!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Ms M
Age... 22
Sex...
Female
Town of
origin...
Ayr
Other
details... This single blonde enjoys going to contact clubs, where orgies are commonplace and sex with strangers is the accepted norm.

Quest: You've told us that you have an extremely high sex drive, which means that you find it difficult to have any kind of stable relationship.

Ms M: That's true. I've known for a few years now that my sex drive is rather abnormal. But don't get me wrong — that sounds as if I think of it as some kind of problem, which I don't. Some of the men I've dated before have found it to be something that they couldn't handle, so I prefer to keep myself single and instead satisfy myself by indulging my tastes at what you'd call contact parties.

For the last two years I've been an avid buyer and reader of the kind of mail-order magazines where couples or clubs advertise to find new sex partners for group sex sessions and the like. I must admit that the idea of casual encounters is what really excites me more than anything, and I knew that I had to find out what they were like for myself.

The first time I walked into one I felt a little nervous, as I was on my own, but you can't really keep your inhibitions when you walk into a place where everyone is naked or in kinky outfits. Now I just walk in brazenly, and I know that whenever I walk into one of these parties now, armed with my packet of condoms, within minutes a completely new face and body (or preferably more than one!) will be sucking and fucking me.

Quest: Would you tell us the details of one of your favourite experiences?

Ms M: It's pretty hard to pick one out in particular, because I've had so many fantastic times... but last year, just before Christmas, I went to a pretty spectacular orgy. As usual I was on my own, but the club it was held in (obviously I can't reveal the exact location) was one that I'd visited fairly often, so I thought that I'd know what to expect when I arrived. However, this orgy was certainly different, because all the participants were women.

I'd never been to an all-women party before, although I'd heard about them more than enough times. The idea had never appealed to me before, to be honest, as I always thought that I'd need a hard cock to make me orgasm the way I need to to be satisfied, but once I was through the door I thought, what the hell — I was there and I might as well enjoy it.

I was wearing one of my most daring outfits, a PVC bodysuit of the type that Catwoman wears in the *Batman* films. I love showing off my figure; although I'm short I'm really curvaceous, and the shiny black material showed off all my assets to perfection.

I soon spotted my first potential partner — I always like to pair up with one person for the whole evening and then work our way around the party together — and it was only a few moments before she'd approached me and we were necking and fondling each other openly. Her name was Michelle and she was an American student. I think it was her first experience of a group sex situation, though she was quite clearly an exhibitionist. Her outfit gave that away, a bodystocking made entirely of fishnet that showed off her wonderful large breasts, shaved pussy and legs that seemed to last forever.

Michelle lost no time in ordering me to get down on my knees in front of her to lick out her cunt. My first taste of it had me fondling my own clitty, and I started to lick Michelle out expertly, really feeling the tip of my tongue into all the crevices of her pussy. It really turned me on to feel the way she was pulling the fishnet right into her cunt, so that my tongue was rasping against it as I tried to get at all her cunt juices. She stood there looking down at me with a dominating expression that I found really exciting, playing with her nipples, pulling them quite roughly to make them stand out hard.

It was then that I felt, as I knew I would, a pair of hands starting to mould and stroke my firm buttocks through the PVC. Then the back zip of my catsuit was pulled down and I felt the material parting, exposing my bare bottom to not one, but two women who had approached me from behind.

Michelle spoke to them. "I

think this woman needs to have something inside her wet cunt,” she drawled. “I hope one of you has a big dildo ready for her.”

I almost came at the thought of that, but I held back because I wanted to prolong my pleasure as long as I could. There are very few things which can make me as horny as being fucked by a good, thick, long dildo.

I gasped as I felt a pair of hands gently hold my cunt lips apart as a rubber dildo which seemed to be about four inches in circumference (and was well greased with Vaseline) was eased up into my cunt.

What a feeling! I was totally filled up, stuffed by that fake cock, and I writhed on it as the two women behind me took turns to push it up into my eager pussy again and again. I just let rip with how good it was making me feel, in between taking gulps of Michelle’s soaking pussy.

“Fuck me harder!” I ordered the two women. “I want to really feel that dildo. Put your fingers inside me too — I want you to touch my clitty.”

> “I gasped as I felt a pair of hands gently hold my cunt lips apart and a rubber dildo eased inside me”

By now we had quite an admiring audience of onlookers, all eager to see how long I’d be able to last this onslaught of sexual pleasure. I pushed my buttocks up so that the dildo could be pushed inside me right up to the hilt, and there I was on all fours, my cunt gripping the biggest dildo I’d ever enjoyed riding, two different women with their fingers pumping away inside me too, and all the time I was licking Michelle, making her come again and again as I slid my tongue over her aching clitty and into her swollen, pink pussy.

My orgasms had just started to build up in my groin, and I was hot and trembling, eager to take anything that I was given. What was really turning me on more than anything was my first taste of being dominated by another women — Michelle was definitely taking the lead here.

“Stand up,” she told me, “so that you can take the dildo and really feel it.”

I didn’t believe that it could feel any better than the sensations I was already experiencing, but by then I was putty in her hands and ready for anything. The two women behind me seemed equally pliant, because they gently helped me to my feet and I got a good look at them for the first time. They were both dressed in the same stretchy lace bodysuits and high heels, nothing else, and while they’d been ministering to me with one hand each, they’d obviously been stimulating each other at the same time. I could see that both their inner thighs were stained with cunt juice.

One of them pulled out a belt from between her breasts and strapped it onto the dildo, so that it could be worn like a cock, then Michelle turned me so that I was facing away from her. “I knew as soon as I saw you that I wanted to fuck you like this,” she whispered to me as she placed my slim thighs apart, and — with a little adjustment of her own position — she pushed herself up right behind me and was able to slide the dildo slowly, inch-by-inch, inside me.

My cunt had never felt so tight, and I just couldn’t believe the sensations that were rippling through me as she bent her knees to withdraw then stood right up to thrust in again, over and over. It felt absolutely incredible. The two others were supporting me, kissing my face and breasts and going down on my throbbing clitty so that while I was being fucked from behind, I was being frigged from the front too.

Cunt, clitty, breasts, mouth... all were given a really superb work-out by this trio of skilled women. I can’t even begin to describe how aroused I was feeling, or how many times I orgasmed as we stood there in that strange but fantastic formation. That was probably the peak of sexual stimulation and satisfaction for me.

Quest: You were already a seasoned participant in orgies before that point — did this experience change your behaviour at all?

Ms M: No, except that it heightened my sexual desires and needs — if you can imagine that! I now feel the need for group sex almost constantly.

Quest: Have you tried that same combination which you’ve described to us with men as well as women?

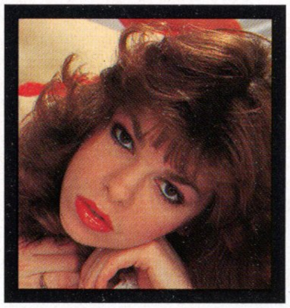
Ms M: Yes, and I wish I had time to tell you about it here, because that was quite some party too!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss D
Age... 27
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Dartford
Other details... This receptionist recently had a sexual encounter involving several male partners which was almost completely alien to her usual conventional sexual behaviour.



Quest: You originally described yourself as quite shy and retiring sexually, didn't you?

Miss D: I think I am, yes. It's not as if I'm a virgin or anything, but I wouldn't describe myself as kinky or even really that adventurous in bed. Before this happened I'd never done anything out of the ordinary — no lesbian experiences, no threesomes, not even that many boyfriends.

Quest: So what happened on this occasion?

Miss D: I've recently got myself involved with an older guy. He'd been married before and I was really enjoying reaping the benefit of his sexual experience. He wasn't afraid to tell me exactly what he wanted me to do to him in bed, and although I felt a little shy at first I soon began to enjoy the power that I had over him sexually. He found the fact that I was a little innocent a real turn-on, I think.

One night in front of a sexy video we were discussing fantasies. Patrick told me that he'd always really wanted to see one of his lovers being screwed by a succession of different men while he watched. He'd never found a woman who didn't like the actual idea of it, he said, but most women either never had the opportunity to do it, or were shy of doing so.

The more he outlined his fantasy to me, the more turned on I was becoming. I was slightly shocked at myself, but as I thought about several tongues licking my body all over, finding all those little sensitive spots that my fingers explore when I'm masturbating — which I really revel in doing, even though I'm really quite shy when it comes to the actual sex act — and then being fucked soundly by one different cock after the other. The more I thought about it the more I wanted to experience it.

It took me a few weeks to broach the subject with Patrick again, because I was afraid that he might think I was a bit slutty or something. It's one thing to fantasize about seeing your girlfriend being fucked in front of your eyes, but quite another to see it actually happening. But far from being upset, Patrick was delighted, and that night as he fucked me with his short but fat cock he kept on saying that he was picturing me with my legs open on the bed, telling four guys exactly what I wanted them to do to my body. The orgasm I had that night as he outlined his fantasy to me in explicit detail was so intense I thought I was going to faint!

Quest: So from that moment you knew that Patrick was planning your seduction by several men. Did he tell you who they were going to be?

Miss D: No, other than that they were all acquaintances of his — he wanted to reassure me that he wasn't going to saddle me with any weirdos or anything! We talked about the planning a lot, and it really made our sex life very hot and horny. The idea of Patrick seeing me being fucked by other men, and loving the sight, really got me aroused. And his cock got hard whenever he thought about me being penetrated by three or four other men's cocks one after the other.

When the day finally came I wasn't nervous, because we'd planned the whole thing out down to the last detail. When the three guys who Patrick had invited — Don, Jim and Gary — came round I was more than ready for anything they could give me.

I'd dressed carefully for the occasion, wearing a really tight white dress which showed off my large boobs and small waist to good effect, with a pair of my favourite sandals, the ones with

the ankle straps that women always wear in blue movies. Patrick had bought me my first pair and I always felt very horny and dirty wearing them.

I wasn't wearing any underwear, which is very unlike me, and I could feel the way the soft cotton jersey clung to every curve of my body, rubbing against my pussy and making me feel aroused as I paraded myself in front of them. I was so turned on I couldn't stop talking to them.

"You must know how much it's turning me on seeing you all looking at me, knowing that I'm making your cocks all stiff," I told them, licking my lips and rubbing my body through my dress. I could feel that my nipples were poking out like organ stops as I stroked myself. "I want to see what you're all like naked, so that I can see how well hung you all are."

As they all undressed in front of me, I wasn't disappointed. Not only did they all have generously proportioned tools, but they were all stiff and pointing towards the ceiling, bobbing up and down as they looked at what I was offering them.

Patrick just stood and watched me, smiling and encouraging me to do exactly what I felt like. He never spoke for the whole evening, just watched and occasionally stroked himself through his trousers, though he never undressed. I knew that he wanted me to feel fulfilled, so I just let myself go totally and told the guys exactly what I wanted.

"I want to suck a cock," I told them. "Who's first?"

Don lay on his back and I pulled his cock into my mouth. It was circumsized, something that I've never come across except in men's magazines. I loved the smooth feel of it between my lips as I worked my mouth up and down the shaft, feeling the way Don pushed it right to the back of my throat so that my soft mouth muscles could brush against the end of his knob. Pretty soon he was pumping in and out, groaning how much I was turning him on and how much come he was going to spray into my mouth.

"The more he outlined his fantasy, the more turned I was becoming"

I could hardly wait to taste his load, but then I was distracted by someone grasping my bum from behind and rubbing his big, strong hands all over it. I knew I was juiced up between my cunny lips, but I didn't know how much until I could feel him spreading it all around my little rose and buttocks, and I panted as another pair of hands joined him to do the same. Occasionally a finger would dip inside me and I'd grip it with my cunny muscles, or a thumb would frig my clitty until I was about to come, then draw tantalisingly back so that I was left trembling and more excited than I'd ever been, yet still without that elusive climax.

I knew that when I did come it would be unbearably pleasurable, and I knew what I needed to finally bring myself off — a good length of cock. It's odd to think that a few short months ago I'd have shocked myself even admitting to thinking about something like that! But now I was asking for it.

"I want the guy behind me who's the closest to coming to stick his cock right up inside me and let me ride it," I whispered, taking my mouth off Don's thick tool for a second. As I did so, my face and boobs were hit with a thick spray of sticky spunk — all that dirty talk had obviously been too much for him and he'd come, letting me taste that thick goo as he let go. I could see his balls twitching as he shot for what seemed like ages. I licked up what I could as I felt my pussy lips being parted and one cock being pushed up inside me.

My hips automatically pushed back and forward, and then I got a shock — Gary removed his cock and Jim immediately replaced it with his, hardly even breaking the rhythm of the fucking! What an amazing feeling that was. The pair of them carried on doing that every ten strokes or so, pulling out and letting the other one take his place. It was an incredible sensation. My clitty quivered, and I started to come so hard that I almost collapsed on the floor, though Don held me up. groping and sucking my breasts and driving me completely over the top. God knows what I was saying but it was all filth, which just inflamed the situation even more.

Two loads of sticky come were deposited into my pussy, and I really enjoyed the feeling of it all trickling down the insides of my thighs when I stood up afterwards. That was the best thing about the whole experience — I felt really fulfilled, totally satisfied. I slept for hours that night.

Quest: Have you repeated the experience since then?

Miss D: No, I haven't. Neither Patrick nor I have really felt the need to. We've done it now, so we've got to find another of our joint fantasies to act out together. Who knows, perhaps we'll have to though — I think Don, Jim and Gary are all pretty keen on the idea!

Quest: Thank you. Ⓜ